

H. G. Beach

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THEIR TURN NEXT.

CHORUS OF BAD-BOY CANDIDATES—"Say, Jim, it's a pretty tight fit, ain't it? Isn't quite as easy as you expected, is it, now?"
CANDIDATE IN NEW OUTFIT—"All right, boys; 'tis a little shrunken, as you say, but there are suits making that 'll pinch you a good deal more than this does me."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

CAUTION.

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THE TROUBLES OF LABOR.

FOR some months, now, the coal-miners of the Hocking Valley, Ohio, have been involved in a quarrel with the employers of that region as to the wages to be paid. The result of the difference has been the discharge of thousands of workmen, the closing of several mines, and the employment of fresh hands at a lower price, terminating at last in an outbreak by the unemployed, which the Governor was called upon to put down by force. At the moment of writing, the tumult is past and peace has once more settled upon Central Ohio; but the discharged men are still idle, the discordant elements are still all present, and there is constant fear of further trouble. For a large body of unemployed men is a menace to any community.

The collision is to be deeply regretted. As far as suffering was involved, public sympathy is, as it always will be, with the laboring man who demands the right to work. But money has rights as well as muscle, and the law as clearly outlines and as definitely protects the privileges of capital as it does those of labor. A vigorous man, lifting up his strong arms and asking that they be put to work so that his wife and children may be fed and clad, is a spectacle calculated to stir the sense of justice of every fair-minded observer. Nor does the fact that he has voluntarily refused to work at a wage which he considers inadequate make his lot less hard to bear or less worthy of sympathetic consideration. He has a right to stop work. He has a right to combine with others to stop in order to get a corner on skilled labor of a certain sort, and so obtain better prices by-and-by, as a farmer withholds his hay, hoping for a season of scarcity when hay will be in greater demand.

But the workman's rights find a limit here. He may not set a guard around his late employer's premises and prevent him from hiring anybody else. This is, more or less, a free country; and a workman has no more right to fix a price on other workmen's labor than a farmer has a right to put a price upon another farmer's hay. And when we say the laborer has no right to prevent another laborer from working, we only mean that it is inexpedient for him to do it, even if he had the power.

There can be no such thing as "too many workmen," or a glut in the labor-market. The more workmen there are, the more the real comfort of the people is enhanced. Labor-saving machinery, it is now demonstrated, is not an enemy, but a friend, of labor. The sewing-machine, that does the work of thirty women; the thrashing-machine, that does the work of sixty men; the trip-hammer, the pin-machine, the power-loom, the steam-engine—these bless and serve the whole human race, but especially mitigate the lot of the poor.

Labor produces all there is; so the laboring man should constantly strive for peace and order. His labor, like hay, or wheat, or jewels, will bring the market-price, and in the end it will bring no more. We sincerely wish that every laboring man in the world could get \$10 a day, and all the luxuries known to the race. But the laws of supply and demand will not be repealed, and they are inexorable.

Moreover, the laboring man must pay for all damage done, whether it arise from his own turbulence or from the folly of a "capitalist." A few years ago Pennsylvania was turned upside-down by a labor riot at an expense of millions of dollars. The property destroyed was that of the rich, but it was the irony of fate that the poor laborers had to pay for it—had to restore every building and mine, every track and train and culvert, out of their hard-won wages. So it will be in Ohio; and while we are deeply sorry for any honest laborer out of work, whether through his own fault or another's, we urge all "regular" workmen to keep the peace for their own sakes, to respect the rights of other laborers, who, if less skillful than themselves, are therefore more needy, and to comprehend that all riots, whatever their origin or outcome, must be paid for by their own sweat.

RUFFIANISM EAST AND WEST.

NEW YORK claims, and not without some foundation in fact, to be the centre of all that is most progressive in modern civilization. In their egotism and arrogance, looking down on all the rest of the world from their pedestal of self-satisfaction, some New Yorkers have gone so far as to show contempt for what they are pleased

to call "the rowdy West." Without going into a fruitless discussion of the comparative merits of the different sections of Uncle Sam's broad domain—each useful, helpful and invaluable in its way—the grotesque absurdity of such a characterization is apparent to any faithful newspaper-reader. A rough or a "tough" is a rough or a "tough" wherever you find him, East or West; but where in all "the rowdy West" can one find a more brutal, revolting exhibition, utterly without even the semblance of reason or excuse, than the free fight on an excursion-boat in New York Harbor, the last Sunday in August? The cold-blooded murder, incidental to the fight, the kicking and beating of women, the stabbing and wounding of many persons, was the work of young ruffians who would not be tolerated in the worst parts of "the rowdy West" longer than it would take to catch and convey them to the nearest tree or telegraph-pole. And yet the conduct of the New York police in connection with the excursion rioters was only less disgraceful than the acts of the lawless participants. Out in Montana, for example, they manage things much better. Within the past thirty days they have "rounded up" the horse-thieves, murderers and other professional criminals and have killed them off without mercy by the score. Precisely the same methods of dealing with the same classes might not be defensible in New York, and are scarcely anywhere, although moral disease of this sort demands heroic treatment. But in some way must there be a "round up" here of these fellows; some prompt and effective way to suppress them, or we may presently find the cowboys of Wyoming and the vigilantes of Montana, with significant scorn, speaking of us as the rowdy East.

OVERWORK—ANOTHER VICTIM.

THE wisdom of Herbert Spencer's sermon on "The Gospel of Relaxation" finds a new example in the sudden death of Secretary Folger. He was involved in politics deeply, it is true; but that anxiety was as nothing compared with the terrible drag of daily official work with which he burdened himself. He died of excessive nervous tension, like scores of prominent and most valuable men whom the world has lost during the last decade of years.

The trouble was not merely that he would not take stated holidays, for a majority of hard workers get along well enough without them; but it was that he took upon himself all of the responsibility of his office and shared it reluctantly with his subordinates. They were always complaining in Washington that he executed too literally Ben Franklin's mischievous proverb, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." Not that he lacked confidence in either the ability or the integrity of his assistants; but he had not the rare knack of commanding, and could not rely upon results obtained by associated effort. He was the slave of Detail. He wanted to see every telegram, letter and voucher himself, if possible; so his brain was kept ever on the rack, straining for impossible things.

Judge Folger was too conscientious—that is, the burden of his duties pressed on him too heavily. He had not the "faculty" of doing work easily by deputies. When he was dying, he said: "I cannot give up work. My duties must be attended to. Open my mail and tell me the contents of my letters." He had little executive faculty, and the judicial habits of his life held him firmly to the last.

The lesson of Judge Folger's death is obvious, but it will not be heeded. Americans will still go on passing their lives in a frenzied, worry, without rest, and finally drown themselves in the infinite ocean of overwork. Striving after the unattainable is the pestilential habit of this generation. Americans do not know how to enjoy themselves; and if Plato or Epictetus could look in on the rushing, driving politician, or the eager, scrambling millionaire of this country to-day, he well might ask, in sympathetic voice, "Whose slave is this?"

Such men as Secretary Folger ought to take their work easier, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the country they serve. He was one of the most popular of Cabinet ministers; one of the most faithful and sincere of the civil service reformers, removing and appointing only for cause. His loss is a national loss, and it should remind every American anew that constant worry is the ambush in which Death lurks, and that intelligent leisure has a conspicuous place in the vital economy.

DOMESTIC SYSTEMS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

IF the success of experiments made in England and elsewhere is not exceptional and delusive, the day is not far distant when the electric light will not only be introduced in all the cities of the world, but largely used for domestic and household purposes. A paper on this subject read by Professor W. H. Preece, a famous electrician in the English civil service, at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, embodied some striking proofs of the feasibility of domestic systems of electric lighting. Describing the system which he has introduced in his own house in England, Professor Preece showed that it was both simple and perfect; so simple that the supply is regulated every morning by the gardener just as he may regulate the tem-

perature of his grapery or hot-house, and so perfect that at every hour, night and day, every room can be lighted on the instant. He also has a movable electric lamp paying out from a wire behind, wherewith he can go around the grounds at night. The facility with which electricity is used in the house is especially notable; there is no match-lighting or handling of tapers; a switch is turned and a room is filled with a brilliant, steady light. So far as economy is concerned it costs more than gas; but Professor Preece has not tried to introduce it in any cheap way, having efficiency solely in view.

In further illustration of this same subject, another electrician describes a house in Scotland lighted by electricity. Through the grounds ran a small stream; this was dammed and a fall of five feet produced, and then, with the aid of an American turbine-wheel and conducting wire, a circuit of ninety lamps was established. The owner of the house had a lamp at his bedside, which he could light at any moment, and he could also control by another key the water supply of the place. This man had not found the system expensive, and it had worked most satisfactorily. Another householder, not having water-power on his grounds, had to use a gas engine in generating electricity, but, nevertheless, he did not consider it an expensive luxury.

The discussion demonstrated conclusively the advantages of electric lighting for household purposes. Sir William Thompson dwelt especially upon the improvement in ventilation in houses lighted by electricity, and the pleasantness and wholesomeness of the new light were conceded by all. It is, as we said at the outset, not only possible, but probable, that the cooking in our kitchens, the study in our libraries, all the labor and play of our households, will, before the dawn of the twentieth century, be done under the mellow light of electric lamps.

THE LATE SENATOR ANTHONY.

IN the death of Henry B. Anthony, a Senator of the United States from Rhode Island for more than twenty-five years, the people of this country have lost a public servant of more than ordinary usefulness and fidelity. Though neither great nor brilliant, he was yet a man of strong intellect, sound judgment and incorruptible integrity. As a journalist, Mr. Anthony was a representative of the best school of thought—dignified and suave, though sharp and incisive in the discussion of all public questions. Admired by his political friends, he enjoyed the respect of his opponents and the confidence of all. In the exciting events of what is known as the "Dorr Rebellion," he necessarily took a very conspicuous part, and his pen did much, no doubt, to defeat the formidable and carefully-planned scheme for upsetting the charter of King Charles by revolution.

In the Senate his career was honorable throughout. It is not often that a Senator is able, against the ambitions of other men and in the vicissitudes of party-management, to retain the confidence and firm allegiance of his constituents for a period of a quarter of a century. That he was able to do so may be taken as indubitable evidence that he possessed a character of unusual force and excellence. He discharged his official duties with unswerving fidelity to conscience, and kept himself abreast with the average public sentiment of his party, avoiding the extremes of both radicalism and conservatism. No doubt his political success was due, to a large extent, to a certain genius for personal friendship, which enabled him to win and retain the confidence and goodwill of all those with whom he associated, whether in public or private life. He took no very prominent part in the debates of the Senate, but he never took the floor that he did not speak wisely and well. As a member of the Committee on Public Printing, his services in correcting long-standing abuses were of the highest value. The confidence in him of his fellow-Senators was illustrated in his election, on two successive occasions, as President *pro tem.* of the body. The record of his public life bears no stain, and his private character was unsullied.

MODERN HISTORICAL METHODS.

AN important department of education had fallen into a state of unutterable dullness and dogmatism a generation ago, but has now, by the adoption of wiser methods of study, risen to a higher place than it ever before occupied. History, like political economy, owes its renewed energies to what is known as the "modern scientific method" of investigation, and some of its characteristic features are of general interest.

Great histories that still entrance the world were written fifty years ago; lectures of the highest order attracted enthusiastic students to their class-rooms and halls. But it is one thing to attempt to teach history to young men; it is another to attempt to teach young men how to use the materials of history, how to examine records, and weigh evidence and reach sound historical conclusions. One is the work of the closet-student, the other is akin to the exactitude of the dissecting-table. One is mere teaching, the other is training of the highest order. So soon as the splendid educational possibilities of modern methods in teaching history became manifest, the entire system of the best universities abroad and in this country were modified, and it is these changes of the past few years that we wish to describe.

It was discovered by leaders in natural science that "the way to that which is general is through that which is special." Biologists must study tadpoles and earthworms before they can venture upon striking deductions upon the unities of nature. In like manner, historians must study primitive society, the growth of communities, the survival of local institutions, the near and the special, before they are ready to approach the higher problems of history. The lecturer of a score of years ago too often dealt in glittering generalities upon splendid historical eras; the lecturer of the new era teaches Americans how the roots of history lie in township and river, in sheriff and parish-officers, in village common, and town pound-keeper—an office, as Stubbs tells us, older than the Norman Conquest.

These methods modern history-teaching uses: The topical, the comparative, and the seminary, or "seminar," method. The first, work by special topics, is always extremely attractive to students, and offers advantages to those who are compelled to work by themselves. Special lectures on chosen topics belong to this system. In Boston, last Summer, specialists gave to young people lectures, which were numerously attended, at the Old South Church. Professor Moses Coit Tyler, at Cornell; Dr. Albert B. Hart, of Harvard; Professor Wm. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin; and Dr. H. B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, all use this topical method in their class-room work upon American history. Scientific methods—practical objects—such are their aims. Such topics as "the native races," the "alleged pre-Columbian discoveries," "the development of ideas and institutions in the American colonies"—these are of the sort usually studied. When a topic is taken by a class, or by a single member of a class, the entire literature of the chosen subject is collated and classified. No college course can treat history in an exhaustive way. The old "recitation" and the text-book plan are for ever laid aside. What is wanted, according to the modern system, is entire co-operation between student and teacher, and this is gained by independent work, so as to learn, not necessarily facts, but how to ascertain facts. The end of such work is to approach investigations at last through the gateway of the original authorities, to read the Saxon Chronicle, as Freeman does, as Kingsley did, so as to realize how true to the period was Hereward, how darkly over the land the Danish invasion swept.

The comparative method in history is akin to that of the advanced sciences, as philology. It links a whole system of human thought and research. The use, however, of the comparative method requires the development of special libraries for historical purposes, so large are the demands for books not easily attainable. At Smith College, at Harvard, and at Johns Hopkins, much dependence has been placed upon this method. Studies in diplomatic history, international law, and modern or medieval constitutions, can only be followed successfully on some such basis.

The co-operative method consists practically of class-work, when each member makes careful reports upon some division of the subject. Specialization is an all-important principle in history, as well as in science. In twenty members of a class "work up" departments, in, for instance, the general subject of "The Italian Renaissance," and present the results orally, a term of ten weeks is sufficient to give each student a wide knowledge of the period.

The historical "Seminar" originated in the theses and free discussions of the Middle Ages, but the value of the method has only of late years gained adequate recognition. Leopold von Ranke, the historian, established the first historical school of this sort at Berlin. Heidelberg has a seminary which contains a large number of American students, and where the professors of history at some of our most advanced institutions were trained in this scholastic gymnasium. The seminary at Bonn is an endowed institution, established in 1865, and is divided into four sections, each devoted to a special field. In the German seminaries short theses are written, criticised and mercilessly discussed. Besides this, original authorities are read and discussed freely, and there are short lectures and reports of investigations. The true seminary becomes practically a workshop where minds of the highest order are aroused to exert their best powers. In the hands of a great historian, a man of originality and strength, it is beyond question the most valuable of all methods. At Liege, in Belgium, in Paris, and at Oxford, the seminary is in use; also at Harvard; in the Universities of California, Nebraska and Michigan, and other progressive places. But chiefly at Johns Hopkins this culmination of the true scientific method, this fusing of teacher and students into an organic educational whole, has been adopted as the foundation of the historical department.

OUR TERRITORIAL WEALTH.

GREAT as are the developed resources of this country of ours, there are others, equally as valuable and important, of which as yet comparatively little is known—the development of which in the future will add immensely to our wealth and the comforts and conveniences of life. Our Western Territories alone, scarcely as yet subdued by the influences of civilization, contain possibilities of growth and development which no arithmetic can adequately measure. Take the Territory of Wyoming, for instance—with an area twice as large

as that of the State of New York—what vast resources it contains, and yet how little the public at large really know as to its resources. How many people east of the Rocky Mountains are aware that Wyoming has the largest iron deposit in the world, that it has larger deposits of coal than the Keystone State, that it has the only known natural deposits of soda, that it has the largest oil basin on the face of the globe? Yet it is a fact that Wyoming has all these and more.

In the heart of the Territory is a mountain of solid hematite iron ore, with six hundred feet of it above ground, more than a mile wide, and over two miles in length; a bed of lignite coal big enough to warm the whole world for centuries; eight lakes of solid soda, one of them over six hundred acres in extent, and not less than thirty feet in depth, from which the soda is to come which will keep at home the millions of dollars now paid annually to Europe for that commodity, all of which is imported; and lastly, and more important than all these, a petroleum basin which contains more oil than Pennsylvania and West Virginia combined, from which, in places, the oil is oozing in natural wells at the rate of one and two barrels a day. The writer has seen and carefully examined during the present season all the resources mentioned. Up to the present time Wyoming has had not a blast furnace, nor a derrick. Now all is to be changed. The Union Pacific has carried out a suicidal policy of discouraging all development of Wyoming's resources. Now other roads are coming to the rescue; derricks are going in, oil-wells are to be sunk at once, capital and brains have combined, and development will go on with an irresistible impulse till Wyoming, teeming with a busy, intelligent and prosperous people, shall surely take her place as one of the wealthiest and most important in the proud sisterhood of States.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

BEHIND the temporary lull of an informal truce in China the whole country is plainly in a desperate and warlike ferment. The Chinese quietly repaired their damages at Foo-Chow, strengthened their defenses, and, it is reported, are now preparing to send an army into Tonquin. A state of war has not yet been officially declared, but there is much to indicate that the war party holds the ascendancy at Peking. The report that Li-Hung-Chang, the distinguished Viceroy of Petchili, has been deposed would, if true, seem to confirm this view. Li-Hung-Chang has been opposed to General Tao, who, with his party, is for making a desperate fight against the French. Operations having been concluded in the Min River, which is left safe for merchant vessels to ascend as far as Foo-Chow, Admiral Courbet was believed to have gone to Hainan; but on Friday came the report that the French fleet had again opened fire on Ke-lung. This report has since been denied, and at the present writing nothing can be stated as a certainty. Reinforcements from Saigon are expected soon to reach Admiral Courbet in sufficient numbers to enable him to seize and occupy some of the northern Chinese ports. Premier Ferry, in the meantime, having by the recall of General Millot, acknowledged that the Lang-sou affair was a French blunder, finds it harder than ever to justify the attack on Foo-Chow. Prince Bismarck is playing a clever, if unobtrusive, part in the present contest. It is reported that he agreed to give France the support and influence of Germany in an attack upon China, on condition that the treaty with China of 1860 should be revised so as to enable Germany to obtain equal concessions with England, America and France. He had asked the Peking Government to give Germany such a concession at Shanghai, but the request was refused on the ground that the consent of all the contracting parties to the treaty of 1860 was required. Prince Bismarck also wants to establish a naval and trading station at Cape Shang-Tong, south of the Gulf of Petchili. China has just paid to the French Consul at Hong-Kong the sum of \$27,000 as an indemnity for the losses incurred by the French subjects in the Canton riots of last year.

The latest communication from General Gordon, bearing the date of June 15th, stated that Khartoum could hold out until the middle of October. General Wolsley's expedition, therefore, will have to make very close connections. According to the latest particulars arranged, the force which will proceed south of Assuan will be composed of 8,000 British troops, 2,500 Egyptians, and a flotilla of 950 river boats manned by Canadians and native boatmen. The cost of the campaign is estimated at £8,000,000. When Gordon shall be brought home, he will have, among other distinctions, that of being the most expensive Englishman ever ransomed by the British Government. The rebels lately made an attack upon Kassala in great force, and were defeated with heavy losses.

A cholera panic prevails throughout Italy. Many villages are establishing cordons of armed men to prevent travelers from entering their precincts. In some places there is almost a state of anarchy, and travel and traffic are everywhere interrupted. Last week there were from forty to sixty deaths a day from cholera in Naples alone. At La Spezia, Bergamo, Cuneo, Genoa, Parma, Carrara, Pavia, Turin, and many other towns and provinces, the epidemic is spreading. The panic-stricken populace, laboring under the delusion that the doctors are engaged in poisoning the people, resist with violence the attempts to minister to cholera patients, and in some places offer armed opposition to railway traffic. The disease is making headway in Spain and in Algiers. In Madras, British India, its ravages are also serious. The reports from France continue favorable.

Mr. Gladstone delivered his third and last speech to his constituents in Edinburgh last week. While making the admission that the franchise might be better coupled with a redistribution of Parliamentary seats, he insisted that the passage of the franchise law ought not to be delayed. His utterances, in fact, give no indication that he will accept any compromise with the House of Lords which would involve a departure from the position adopted by the Liberals at the last sitting of Parliament.

The citadel of Warsaw was assaulted on the night of August 31st, and an attempt made to rescue several political prisoners. The conspirators failed in their attempt, but made their escape.—The Moors of Ainhambra, in Tangiers, are in rebellion, having ignored the Sultan's authority and declared in favor of the Sherref of Wazan.—Moven ents relating to colonial expansion in West Africa continue on the part of England, Germany and France. It is reported from the Gold coast that France has annexed Porto Novo, and that Dr. Nachtigal has annexed Little Popo, on the Dahomey coast, to the German colonies.

THE final estimate of the wheat crop for 1884, based on late official returns from the several States and Territories, supplies some interesting and instructive figures. The reports show that the total production of Winter wheat is 380,000,000 bushels, and the total of Spring wheat 150,000,000 bushels, making the aggregate 530,000,000 bushels. This makes the total yield of the country fully 25,000,000 bushels more than ever produced; 130,000,000 bushels more than last year's crop, and 80,000,000 bushels more than the average crop for the past five years. The reports all agree in declaring the quality superior, and that where it has been thrashed that the yield has more than met the estimates.

THE mystery of the red sunsets which some time ago attracted so much attention from scientists seems to have been nearly, if not entirely, settled. At the meeting of the British Scientific Association, last week, it was reported that a committee of the Royal Meteorological Society had received information from all parts of the world going to show that the sunset glow was caused by dust thrown into the air by the tremendous volcanic eruption near Java a year ago. This dust seemed to have spread all over the earth, traveling at the rate of 2,000 miles a day. All the savants who listened to this statement seem disposed to accept it, but its maker qualified it by saying that so far the evidence, though strong, was wholly of a negative character.

At last we have a candidate for the Presidency who will be sure to satisfy all those whose hearts fail to throb responsively to the nomination of either of the previous five. Mrs. Belya Lockwood, the Washington lawyeress, has been put unanimously on the track by the Woman's National Equal Rights Party, and has presented her letter of acceptance. She says that, when elected, she will see to it that England is compelled to treat our Irish citizens with justice, and will do all she can to get Congress to increase widows' pensions. Whether she will appoint Blaine, Cleveland or Butler her Secretary of State, depends on the conduct of those gentlemen in the canvass. The banner of "Belya and Reform" will make an excitement; so much of an excitement that her champions will forget to nominate electors in any State, but will enthusiastically vote for their heroine direct.

THE *Lutheran Observer* proposes that our annual Thanksgiving Day be changed from the last week in November to October 12th, for several reasons which seem to us good: because the last Thursday of November does not commemorate anything; because it is too near the great Christmas cycle; and because it is "on the shivering edge of Winter," and long after most of the harvest has been gathered; while October 12th is in the flush of the ripened harvest, and is the anniversary of the day that Columbus discovered America. Why not have the change? The suggestion is a rational one. The observance of our present Thanksgiving Day, though made national by President Lincoln's recognition of it, is a languid and perfunctory affair, and has little cordial observance, except in the home-visiting which it stimulates. Moreover, old Columbus is rather a picturesque historic character, and so little is known of him that he seems half legendary and mythical, like William Tell and Santa Claus. He royally deserves to be one of our national heroes, and to have his name and obstinate exploit linked with the glories of our recurring harvest-home. Will President Arthur make his name famous by giving to America an Autumn holiday?

THE Anchor Line Steamship Company has been stirred up by some of the passengers on the *City of Rome*—Thomas Hughes and others—who have uttered a printed protest against the excess of gambling during a late trip across the sea. Gambling on shipboard is as common as smoking, and efforts are seldom made to prevent it. Passengers, to beguile the tediousness of the hours, bet on the daily run of the ship, on future latitudes and longitudes, on which side the next sail will appear, on the hour of arrival in port, on the number of the pilot-boat, and on the foot which the pilot will put first on the ladder in climbing to the deck. The writer has seen excited betting at sea on whether icebergs would be encountered, on whether whales would be seen, on the pilot having blue eyes and mutton-chop whiskers. In fact, a passenger on the *Arizona* two years ago bet \$5 to \$100 that the Irish pilot would wear a silk hat and a swallow-tail coat! When the very tedium of a journey begets such practices, even in those who never bet before in their lives, it is not surprising that professional gamblers should ply their trade, and pocket a good deal of money from the non-experts. All the same, however, playing for money should be as far as possible prohibited, and children especially should never be permitted to play at all.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Indian Commission has ordered a sufficient amount of extra supplies to be sent to the starving Piegans at the Blackfoot Agency.

CANADA proposes to lay a thorough embargo on United States cattle to prevent the introduction of pleuro-pneumonia into her territory.

WHILE several thousand men have been furnished employment at Pittsburgh by the reopening of the glass factories, great distress has been caused at Petersburg, Va., by the closing of the cotton-mills.

THE War Department authorities are taking steps to ascertain the character of the exhibition made by Sergeants Long and Brainard and Private Connell, of the Greely expedition, at the museum at Cleveland.

CHARLES S. HILL, cashier of the National Bank of New Jersey at New Brunswick, was found dead in his room last Thursday morning. He is thought to have committed suicide, and an investigation of his accounts is being made.

THE thirty-third meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which opened in Philadelphia on the 4th instant, is attended by an unusually large number of distinguished specialists, including representatives from many foreign societies. Some 250 members of the British Association made an excursion from Montreal to the Philadelphia meeting.

THE Vermont election last week resulted in the success of the Republican State ticket by a majority of 21,600. Both Congressional districts elected Republicans. The Republican vote fell off eleven per cent., and the Democratic ten per cent. in comparison with four years ago. Of the 230 members-elect of the House only thirty are Democrats. Of the 32 Senators three are Democrats.

FOREIGN.

A CONFERENCE is in session at Berne this week to draft an international law for the protection of the works of authors and artists.

THE irritation of the French press against England is spreading to the public. A journal called the *Anti-Anglais* is selling in large numbers on the boulevards.

EMPERORS WILLIAM AND FRANCIS JOSEPH are the Czar's guests at his visit in Poland. M. de Giers accompanies the Czar. Elaborate police precautions have been taken to insure the safety of the Imperial party.

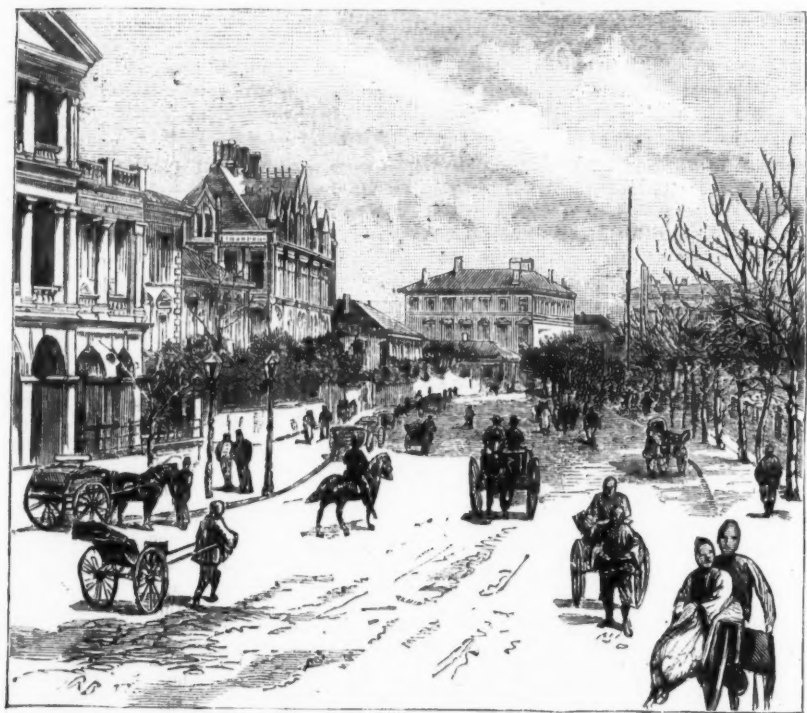
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



FRANCE.—A STREET SCENE IN PARIS DURING THE DOG-DAYS.



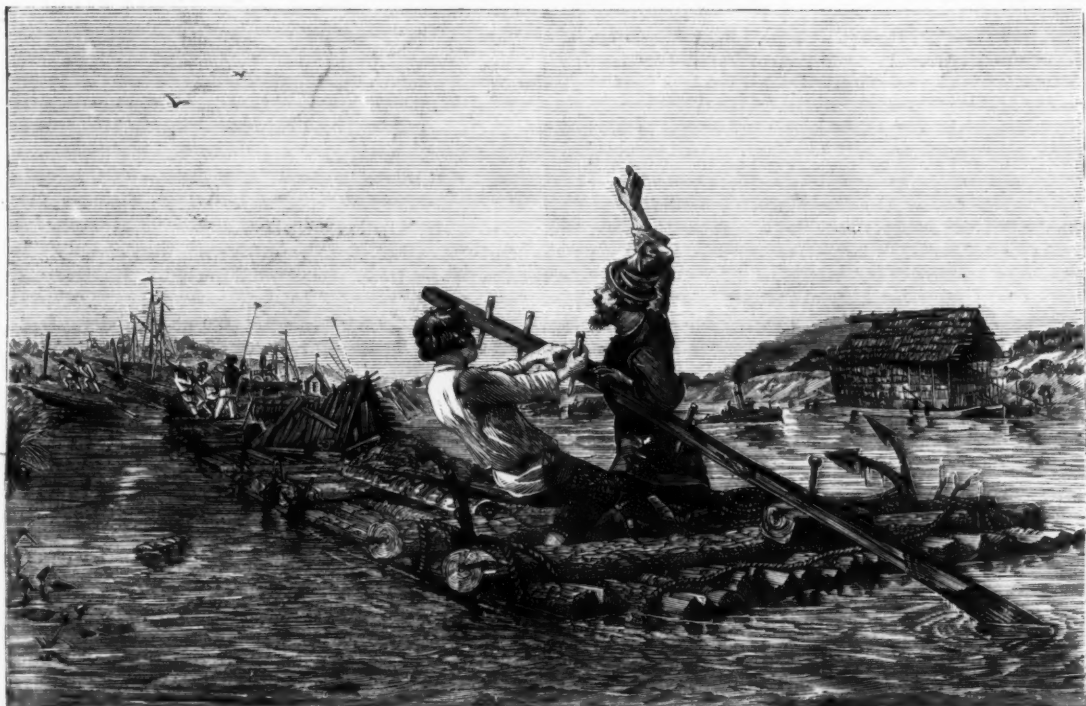
CHINA.—VIEW IN SHANGHAI—A FLEET OF TEA-STEAMERS.



CHINA.—THE BUND, ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN THE CITY OF SHANGHAI.



FRANCE.—STATUE OF JOUFFROY, INAUGURATED AT BESANCON, AUGUST 17TH.



RUSSIA.—PEASANTS RAFTING ON THE VOLKHOV RIVER.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

THE LATE U. S. SENATOR HENRY B. ANTHONY, OF RHODE ISLAND.

By the sudden death, at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday, the 2d instant, of Henry Bowen Anthony, senior Senator of the United States and of Rhode Island, an able, tried and trusted public servant has been removed from the midst of his labors. He was sixty-nine years of age. Twice Governor, and five times Senator, his official career extended over twenty-five years, during all of which period not even a suspicion assailed his good name. As a journalist, also, his position was an influential one, his editorial connection with the *Providence Journal* beginning in 1838 and continuing down to the day of his death.

Mr. Anthony was born of Quaker parents at Coventry, R. I., April 1st, 1815. His father was a manufacturer in moderate circumstances, who was able to give his son a classical education. The future Governor and Senator was graduated at Brown University in 1833, and intended to make the law his profession. His legal studies, however, were interrupted by ill-health, and he entered a mercantile house as clerk. Afterwards he was sent by a manufacturing firm to Savannah, Ga., to buy cotton. He spent some months in Georgia, and while there wrote several letters which were published in the *Providence Journal* and attracted considerable attention. About the time that Mr. Anthony returned from the South the editor of the *Journal* died; he was asked to take editorial charge of the paper temporarily, and did so. His editorial work proved so satisfactory to its patrons and so agreeable to himself that he determined to make journalism his profession. Although after his election to the Senate the active editorial management devolved mainly upon his assistants, he always controlled the policy of the *Journal*.

The firm and outspoken attitude of the *Journal* at the exciting period of Dorr's Rebellion gave the young editor a place among the Whig leaders, and in 1849 he became the Whig candidate for Governor. He was elected by a majority of 1,556 votes over all. In the succeeding year he was re-elected, the opposing candidate receiving less than 1,000 votes. In 1851 Governor Anthony declined a third term. His wife having died, and being without children, he visited Europe, where he spent some time in traveling. In 1858 he was elected to the United States Senate as a Union Republican to succeed Philip Allen, Democrat. Senator Anthony was successively re-elected in 1864, 1870, 1876 and 1882. While Senator Anthony's Senatorial career was a long and useful one, it was



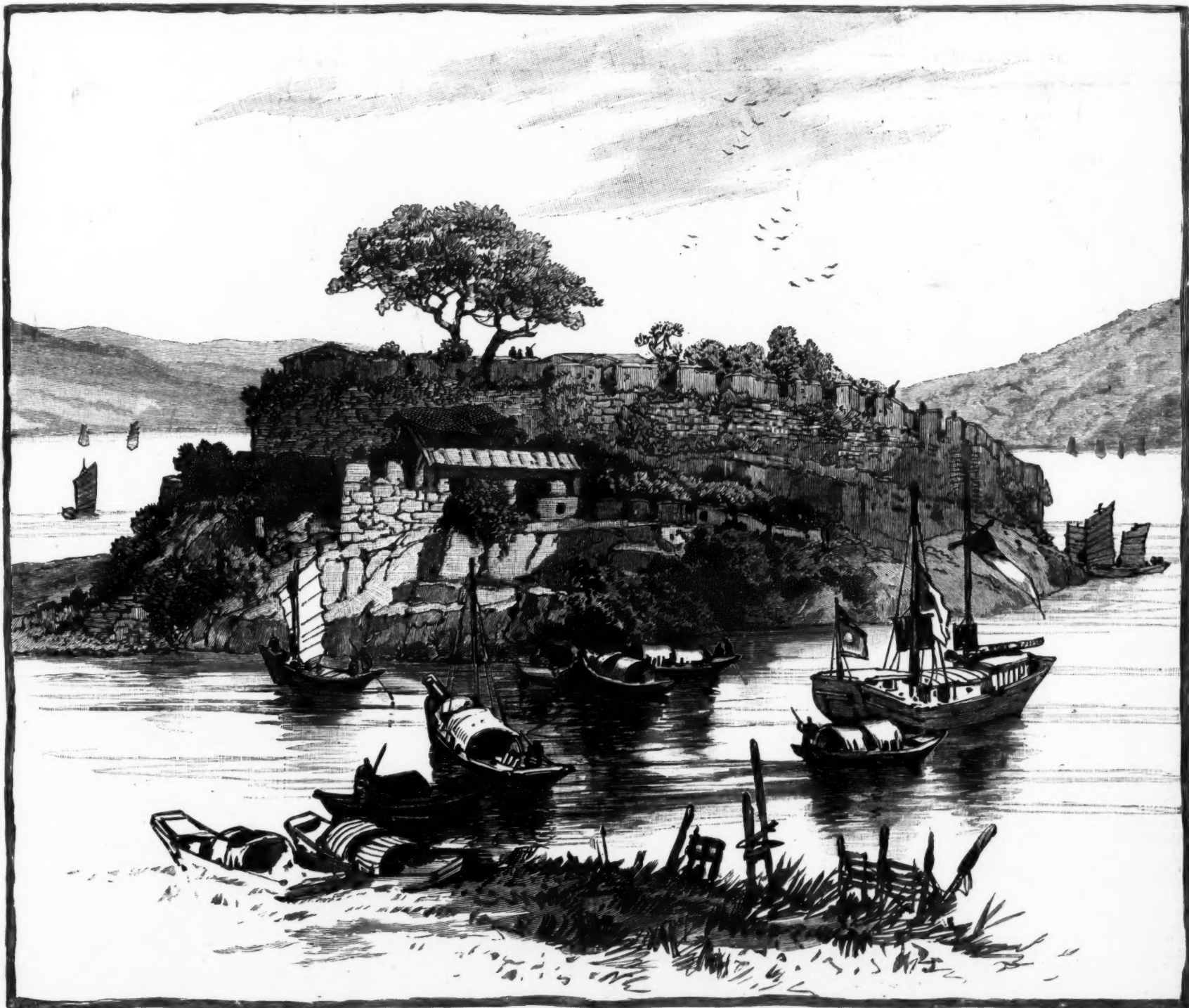
RHODE ISLAND.—THE LATE HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY, UNITED STATES SENATOR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

comparatively uneventful. He made few long speeches, and in recent years he seldom addressed the Senate at all.

In May, 1860, he defended Rhode Island and took Jefferson Davis to task in a speech on "Religious Freedom." In 1861 he made a strong speech in favor of the proposition to make permanent the temporary transfer of the Naval Academy from Annapolis to Newport. Senator Anthony's contributions to the funeral literature of the *Globe* and the *Record* were probably more numerous than those of any other man in either branch of Congress, save Thomas H. Benton. Among the eulogies delivered by him were those called forth by the deaths of Stephen A. Douglas, Senators Thomson (of New Jersey), Collamer, Fessenden, Sumner, Wilson, Buckingham, Morton and Chandler. The last eulogy delivered by Senator Anthony was upon his late colleague, General Burnside, who was one of his dearest and most intimate personal friends—and in later years an almost inseparable companion during the sessions of Congress.

When the Republicans obtained control of the Senate and reorganized its committees, Senator Anthony was placed at the head of the Joint Committee on Printing, a place which he filled uninterruptedly—with the exception of two years—from July, 1861, down to the 3d of March, 1883. During his long incumbency many reforms in the laws relating to the public printing and binding were adopted, and many improvements in the official publications of the Government were made. He was also unwearied in his efforts to secure proper accommodations and facilities for journalists engaged in reporting the doings of Congress.

Senator Anthony was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate in March, 1863, and was re-elected in March, 1871, serving four years in that capacity, and making a competent and popular presiding officer. The fact that at the close of the Forty-seventh Congress he was not technically a Senator, his term of service having expired, alone prevented his being again elected presiding officer, which position is now occupied by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. It was expected that he (Anthony) would have been selected for the office of President *pro tem.*, and so have stood in the relation of a possible President of the United States. This was the expressed wish of Senator Edmunds, but Senator Anthony had not taken the oath of office for his sixth successive term as Senator. This objection was removed last Winter, however, and on January 13th last, Mr. Anthony



THE FRENCH INVASION OF CHINA.—THE FORT AT MINGAN PASS, ON THE MIN RIVER, AT FOO-CHOW, DESTROYED BY THE FRENCH FLEET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 54.

was again elected President *pro tem.*, but he declined the office on account of ill-health.

The course of Senator Anthony in the Senate was such as to win to him friends on both sides of that body. He was a good parliamentarian; a fluent, sensible speaker, but not a ready debater; and his society was much sought after in Washington. Personally, Senator Anthony had a dignified bearing and commanding presence, with regular features, florid complexion, and a profusion of iron-gray hair.

The death of Senator Anthony places it in the power of the Governor of Rhode Island to appoint a Senator to fill the vacancy, unless he sees fit to call a special session of the Legislature to elect a successor to the dead statesman.

CRUSADER.

A SNOWY March day. Outside, the clouds pouring out their white, biting, little tormenters into the raging wind, which hurls them maliciously against the faces of a little group of women, who walk quickly along through the furious storm. Inside, warmth and comfort in the houses of the rich; the sparkle of ruddy coal fires in the grate; soft-cushioned chairs, brilliant with glowing silk and woollen tidies; footstools of dainty handiwork; indolent women in warm cozy corners deep in the latest novel, and indolent men, cards in hand, with a bottle between them, which grows lighter and emptier as the moments fly.

All this indoors; and still, out in the chill cutting winds, the snow, ankle deep in the slush of the city's thoroughfares, the little band of women, brave and noble, pass on their way, intent on a holy crusade against vice and evil.

Inside, the card-playing goes on. The bottle is empty at last, and by the flushed, heated face opposite him, Roy Denzil knows that it is not alone the loss by gambling that is drawing the purple veins into strong relief upon his companion's forehead; that it is not the miserable run of luck that clinches the fists until the cords throb under the feverish skin; knows this, yet smiles under his silky, blonde mustache as he pronounces the bottle empty.

"No emptier than that!" says the young man opposite, holding aloft a netted purse, the work of fair, loving fingers, finished but a month ago. As he says it, he looks at the shining, silken mesh, and his fevered thoughts rove back to a third-story lodgings in the heart of a distant city, where live his sister and mother, who are even now dreaming dreams of a bright future this painfully earned money—the savings of three hard years of labor—shall bring to them; this same money that is hastily emptied upon the little card-table in the club-house, and which is quietly swept into Roy Denzil's pocket after he has lit a costly Havana.

"God help me!" moans the lad, who has lost his first money upon cards.

"So bad as that?" asks Roy, indolently.

"Bad as that," Can anything be worse?" comes in hoarse echo from the youth of twenty years.

"Surely," says Roy, looking at him with a tinge of surprise in his fine gray eyes; "surely you will not miss these few hundreds; you, with your eastern estates? You told me, did you not, that you were worth ten-thousand a year?"

"I told you a lie!" and he dashes his fist upon the little green leather-covered table in savage emphasis. "I told you a shameful lie! The money was my mother's and sister's, and I, miserable fool, was intrusted with their hard-gotten earnings to find them a little place out in the West. Oh, heaven, help me, help me, help me!"

"My lad," and Roy's weary voice lowered itself sensibly, "listen to me. There is your money! I return it to you on two conditions, and they are—promise me that you will never taste spirits again, and that you will never stake a penny on anything."

"God bless you, I promise! I swear!" holding out a nervous, throbbing hand to Roy. But Roy pretends not to see it, and busies himself with refilling the purse. "Mr. Denzil, if I may be so bold, tell me why you—you—gamble and drink as you have done to-night?"

"For pastime, dear fellow; simply that."

"And you can find amusement in it—you whose soul is far above—"

"Bah! what twaddle have you been learning?"

"You have my promise to stop all this; may I not," looking eagerly into Denzil's meditative eyes, "may I not ask you to quit, too?"

"How am I so indebted to you that you presume to ask me that?" he asks, nonchalantly knocking the ash from his cigar. "You're too enthusiastic, my dear boy!" Then, with a little laugh, "Even the ladies can't move me, bless them!"

"Then how can it interest you whether or no I drink?"

"You? Well, you are young; you can turn aside as you will. I was once as you are, and I could keep you away from the path in which I lost my reckoning and stumbled so far into its depths that I cannot now turn about. They say there is a better path than this. I cannot tell, I have not tried, but I would set your feet that way before they know the devil's highroad—that is all."

There is an unusual stir among the well-bred club members. A cold air blows in upon and scatters the fumes of the Turkish tobacco in little hazy clouds, and through this Indian Summer-like mist there comes eight chosen ones—the mortal angels of the present century.

Some of the men shrink perceptibly. Others brave it out under the eight pairs of gentle loving eyes, while one man, Roy Denzil, lifts his hat with inborn knightliness and listens with a listless air to the services going on about him.

But the boy at his side kneels down, and, leaning above a chair cushion, he presses the little purse to his lips and weeps great tears of remorse. And when he lifts his head again the women have gone away, and Denzil stands, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his cigar out, and a little of something

long buried warming his heart with a different warmth from that of wine. The youth catches at Roy's hand, which hangs nervelessly near him—a bejeweled hand, as white and shapely as a woman's—and kisses it rapturously.

"Little fool!" says Roy, snatching it from him angrily.

"Fools speak the truth sometimes, Mr. Denzil; listen to me. The devil and the angel are battling within you. Oh, let the angel have the mastery!"

"That depends," is all the answer he gets.

The clock above the mantel rings out four hasty peals. Outside the snow comes dashing against the pane and piles up a white rift in every corner. It will be dark soon, and the chandelier will be ablaze with lights. Meanwhile—

"How is it, my friend?" comes timidly up into Roy's ears.

"The devil has won," he answered, with a sneer. "Wrong is so much stronger than right, nowadays. Good-night, my boy," and he leaves him to dash out into the darkening streets.

Along a grand avenue walks Roy Denzil, full of bitter thoughts and pitiful fancies. Ah, what might have been!

Along the avenue, out on the country road he walks, through the deep snow, keeping in the little path unwittingly; walking on and on, though a pair of fine horses are champing and stamping impatiently in their stables at home for a dash over these same country roads with their master's hand upon the ribbons. On and on; and at last, after crossing a crazy old bridge thrown over a narrow rocky chasm of sixty feet or more, he gains a cross-road. He does not comprehend that he has turned to the right and found a bridle-path near the fence; but he does so, and at last, after another quarter of an hour, he stands before the door of a brilliantly lit mansion.

"Great Heaven! What have I come here for? Has the devil won, after all?"

Tap, tap, tap.

"Good-evenin', Massa Roy! Gracious, but I'm glad to see yah! Come in, come in. Misses am in de pahlah, and Missy Marjorie am in de libracee," says the old ebony familiar—Roy's nurse when he needed one, but now promoted to be his mother's hall-servant.

"Thank you, Uncle Ned; I'll go to the library. Miss Marjorie is there, you say?"

"Iss, massa. Done come visitin' a fortnit ago," says the garrulous old negro.

Roy passes through the long, richly-carpeted hall, where he used to run riot in the days of early boyhood, but which of late years knows him no more; and, reaching at last a certain door, he pushes it softly open and enters the quiet, unlighted room. The flame of the firelight flickers about as the door opens and closes, disclosing the face of a girl, whose eyes gaze almost mournfully into the fiery chasms between the bars of the grate.

"Marjorie!" and a tenderness thrills in the voice that calls her name.

She rises, with a quick cry, and stands before him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Denzil," she says, after a moment's pause, cool and calm as the marble bust behind her and showing as little feeling.

"Excuse me," he says, turning to leave her presence; "it is not the Marjorie I expected. Good-evening."

"Stay, Royal! Why do you live so wicked a life?" the troubled voice seeming full of pain.

"Wicked? Who told you that?"

"Every one knows it, Roy—every one but your mother."

"And she does not?"

"She does not know it. They come to tell her, but I sent them away."

"Why did you interfere?" he asks, not resentfully, but as if he enjoyed it rather.

"I will tell you why, Royal. Your mother believes in you as she does in Heaven—believes you to be good and true and pure. God help her! If she lost faith in you—the only one left her in her old age—if she heard of your follies, your gambling, your hard drinking, she would die of shame!"

"I—I will go to her," and he passed from the presence of the young, blazing-eyed maiden to seek the parlors.

His mother greets him with a cry of delight:

"Oh, Royal, my darling son!"

"You are well, mother?"

"As well as I can be without the sunshine of your presence," letting her eyes rove from the handsome chestnut-colored waves of silken hair to the round smooth chin, whose dimples in his babyhood were her pride. They talked joyously for full an hour, until Roy's clothes are dried without her knowledge, and he is ready to turn his face cityward.

"Not going back to-night, Roy?"

"I am, indeed, lady mother," pulling his tawny mustache uneasily.

unconquerable desire to quarrel with her. And so he drinks until the bottle is all but empty, and his mother still sips at her brimming glass.

The eyes and wine together prove too much for his brain, and he feels the potent spirit of the long-imprisoned wine taking fast and furious possession of him. She sees it, too, this little Marjorie, who loves him with her whole heart and soul, and who sorrows, as the angels might sorrow, for a creature gone astray.

"Come to me, Royal, after you have said good-night."

In a moment he is beside her as she enters the library.

"Royal Denzil, I implore you not to go away from here to-night! I feel a horrible presentiment—what it is I cannot tell! Oh, Ray, stay! You are not fit to ride to town to-night! Stay with us, Roy, dear Roy!"

But the wine is his master, and he knows not what he does save that there is a fierce exultation in feeling that he is opposing her wishes. Finding that he does not heed her, she leaves him and runs out through the yard, which is black as ink, to the stables, where the groom's lantern, swaying about like a yellow, unsteady star in the still falling snow, makes the surroundings more gloomy.

"What beast are you getting out for Mr. Denzil?"

"Prince, Miss Marjorie," looking round-eyed at her bare head and dainty figure abroad in the storm.

"Prince is well enough when Mr. Denzil is sober; but to-night saddle my own horse, Regan, and bring her around. Mr. Denzil is too drunk to see a difference," which unvarnished truth she leaves to astonish the groom as it may, as she whisks back with icy-powdered curls and limp little silk wrapper into the front hall.

And Roy is ready to go. A dreamy smile, with which the wine-spirit lit up his handsome features, has changed to a glance that is horrible to the little maiden who stands at the door to see him off!

"Good-night, little Prim; won't you kiss me once before I go?"

Her lips touch obediently the fevered brow bent low for her caress; for a presentiment of coming danger is strong.

He gets into his saddle and is away. Down the long, rutty lane to the crossroad. A sharp jerk on the left bridle-rein brings Regan into the high-road, and away through the darkness she gallops—straight for the crazy old bridge that lies half a mile beyond.

Two feet beyond him Roy cannot see; and, giving the beast rein, he lets her carry him on and on through the impenetrable drizzle of snow; over ruts and ridges, now down through a gully, now up over a snowy bank. On, and on, and on; and at last, with a loud snort, Regan stands still, stiff-kneed, immovable, in the dreary, penetrating snow-fall.

"Curse the beast!" ejaculates Roy, cutting her sharply with his riding-whip. "Go on, Prince! Get up! You won't, eh?" he shrieks, in drunken fury, cutting the delicate flanks until they quiver with pain.

Sharper and sharper descend the blows from the hand of the now infuriated man, and still firm as a rock stands the tortured animal. Only a low whine, almost human, comes from her as the cruel lash cuts her once glossy brown, but now red and lacerated sides.

Roy works himself into a beastly—nay, it were better to say human—passion, and wreaks all his ill-feelings upon the patient, dumb brute beneath him.

At last a little glimmer of apprehension breaks upon his dazed brain; he dismounts as best he may, and creeps along the ground, feeling cautiously before him.

And three feet further on his hand finds no ground beneath its groping touch—nothing save empty air!

When it comes to Roy's confused senses that the bridge has fallen and that he has been urging his horse to take him to his destruction, the emotions aroused within him outweigh every influence of the wine, and, in gratitude, his arms go around the neck of his faithful dumb friend, whose face he kisses in thankfulness; and when he remembers the cruel stripes his hand has cut, great tears of bitterest remorse fall hotly down his pale cheeks.

And the tears, once getting headway where they have been kept in so long a bondage, come storming from his eyes. Every better emotion is brought into play from his nearness to death, and his life has so different a meaning from the life of a moment ago!

And here, on the lonely brink of a chasm, with the snowflakes falling about him, and the bitter wind cutting him like a knife—for the greatcoat has been doffed to cover the wounds of the suffering horse—here, in the blackness of the night, his soul's angels of good and bad fight a terrible battle between themselves—and the good angel wins!

Back through the long, dreary road, side by side, slowly and painfully, the horse and man find their way, and stop at length in Denzil's stables.

"The bridge was down, John. Bring a lantern; Prince is in need of—Regan!"

"Yes, sir! She would have it so—Miss Marjorie would! Said as how her beast was safer and—law! he's gone!"

He is gone; like the wind, he flies to the library—she is there still.

"Marjorie, God bless you, darling, come with me—quick!" The gray eyes looking down into hers are perfectly sober; so she lays a wee rose-petal of a hand in his and lets him lead her away.

"The bridge was down, Marjorie; look at your pet's flanks, and see how hard a penalty she bore for daring to save my neck! Poor Regan—your mistress will hate me now!"

"I hate you, Royal? Think you I would not undergo sufferings even such as this to save you?"

Oh, Royal, put the love of a mere animal above my own?"

"Do you mean it, little Prim? Thank God! But, my sweet—"

John, the groom, having heard this much of their conversation, thinks it a proper moment to go for the bottle of liniment. When he returns, Marjorie's arms are about the neck of her beautiful chestnut mare, and she says, softly:

"What angel inspired you, darling Regan, to be so faithful and brave? Ah, Roy, how often these dumb creatures put us to shame! But you are Regan no longer; I name you 'Crusader.'" Then, turning to Roy: "How came your decision to be so suddenly made?"

"Suddenly? It seems years. Your Crusader took me to the heights and I—climbed them."

"What is the matter?" calls a breathless mother's voice.

"I am come home for good, mother—that is all!"

And hand in hand, like old-fashioned lovers, they go in from our sight.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF CHINA.

WE gave in our last issue an account of the French assault upon the Chinese forts on the River Min between its mouth and Foo-Chow. These forts, according to Admiral Courbet's report, were all silenced, and supposed to have been rendered practically useless. Later accounts state that since the withdrawal of the French fleet the Chinese have undertaken to repair the dismantled forts, but it is not probable that they can be made effective for defense. We give a picture, from a photograph, of the fort at the Mingan Pass of the Min. Properly constructed and efficiently manned, a fort situated as this, ought to be practically invulnerable. The Chinese, however, made but a poor defense, handling their guns in a shamefully inefficient manner.

CASTLE GARDEN AS A MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

A NEW industry has recently been developed at Castle Garden, in this city—that of wife-hunting among the emigrant girls. Almost every day the Superintendent receives letters from persons desirous of securing wives without the trouble of a long courtship, and in some cases personal applications have been made. In these cases the girls seeking employment through the Labor Bureau have been summoned for review, the applicants taking their pick and then addressing themselves to the task of getting the consent of the favorites to an early marriage. One person, George W. Dabler, writes from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., that he cannot find a suitable woman for a wife in all that neighborhood, and he regards Castle Garden as his last resort. His entreaties that the names of one or more emigrant girls may be sent him, with whom he can correspond, are very touching. But he is a most fastidious suitor, and details very minutely the appearance and character of such an one as it would be possible for him to make Mrs. Dabler. She must be a "full-blooded German," and he denotes the height, weight, color of hair, eyes, etc., the woman of his choice must possess. A number of women having read of the unsuccessful search of applicants at Castle Garden, have written Superintendent Jackson informing him that they can be had for the asking. We append two of these letters as illustrations of the new style of literature which has been developed in connection with this marriage bureau. One woman writes:

"RONDOUT Aug 28th 1884.
"Manager Connolly of the Labor Bureau Castle Garden."

"Dear Sir—Having read in the morning Journal of N.Y. the statement of Daniel Shugone the Farmer and others—also, looking for a wife and being refused by the Emigrant girls—I would say that if the Gentleman is in earnest in his request and really in search of a Wife—and would like to Secure a really good Wife he might be suited up in this Direction. I would like to hear from Mr. Shugone—I am a respectable widow 34 years of age was raised on a farm and understand all the work belonging to the feminine part of the business—but am poor and find it hard to make both ends meet some of the time. I follow the trade of Dressmaking for a living—but am heartily tired of the struggle for Bread and lonely and nothing would suit me better than the free and happy life on a farm—if you would show my letter to Mr. Shugone—and tell him I should like to hear from him—I should be grateful—and if you would like my letter to be made public you are at liberty to do so only please do not give my real name in it—I would not like my name to appear in the papers—hoping to hear from Mr. Shugone and with many thanks to you for what trouble this will be to you I am with
"Much Respect
"Yours
"Mrs. ———"

"Rondout Ulster Co N.Y."

Evidently determined that her application should not miscarry, the woman the next day wrote directly to the object of her interest, as follows:

"Mr Daniel F Shugone
"RONDOUT Aug 29th 1884
"Dear Sir—Having read about you trying to secure the release of Miss Ella Larabee the notorious Burglar of Brooklyn with the intention of making her your wife—I ventured to write to you to try and persuade you to think better of your resolve for believe me such a woman would never make a good wife for a farmer—and should you marry her you would be likely to repent of it in dust and ashes—I think that if you are in earnest and want a real good Wife and one that is familiar with all work pertaining to a farm—you would not regret it if you should send me a letter. I shall be very glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience.
"Adress
"Mrs. ———"

"Rondout Ulster Co N.Y.
"pleas do not allow this to be made public and oblige
"Yours Respectfully
"Manager Connolly
"Dear Sir—Pleas be so kind and hand this to Mr Daniel F Shugone and pleas do not make it Public."

THE PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC EXHIBITION.

IN the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage, and amidst the din of belated preparations, the International Electric Exhibition was formally opened by the Governor of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 2d instant. The building in which the striking show is held is one erected for the purpose at Lancaster Avenue and Thirty-second Street, opposite the old depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This exposition is altogether the enterprise of the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, a society which this year celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of its foundation. No national, State, or city aid has been given in getting up the exposition, nor has any been asked

or desired. Various private citizens have, however, subscribed liberal sums of money in its behalf. The enterprise will probably prove to be not only self-paying, but profitable. The building, which is probably the most brilliantly lighted structure in the world, is of good size, covering somewhat more than an acre of ground, not including a large annex and the old railroad depot which will also be used as an annex connected with the main building by a bridge across the street. The interior of the main building is divided into three longitudinal sections, the central one being 100 by 200, and those at the sides being each 30 by 200 feet in size. At each corner of the building is a tower sixty feet high.

Electric lighting is the main feature of the present exhibition. It is estimated that the radiance of the electric lights used is equal to that of more than a million wax candles. One company furnishes 3,800 incandescent lamps, the United States Company 1,200 more, and various other companies a complement of 600, making 5,600 in all. Besides these there are at least 350 arc lights. The engines employed to supply the lamps with the electric current are a dozen in number, with an aggregate force of nearly 2,000 horse-power. Among the lamps is probably the most brilliant artificial light ever seen in the world, a single arc light of 100,000 candle-power, or as strong, say, as 8,400 ordinary gas flames combined into one.

A striking feature, in a picturesque sense, is the great illuminated fountain which our artist has chosen as a subject for illustration. This beautiful fountain is in the centre of the main hall. It has a basin thirty feet in diameter, and a huge cone of stone in the centre twelve feet high, through which a large jet of water is thrown upward. At a height of twenty-five feet the jet passes through a double ring of electric lights, and then, striking a central ball, falls back over them in a shower. From the circular margin of the basin a dozen smaller jets are thrown up to mingle with the larger one, and three jets rise, unbroken, almost to the roof of the building. Over all are reflected constantly changing rays of colored light. Looked at from the gallery, the appearance is that of a fiery fountain radiant with prismatic hues of wonderful brilliancy.

The exposition is divided into twenty-nine departments, and in all there are about 300 exhibitors, with exhibits numbering thousands. Among them are an electric incubator, which was set to work some time ago, and turns out its fresh brood of chicks each day. There are seen side by side the latest inventions in telegraphy—the machine by which seventy-two messages are sent simultaneously over one wire—and the rudimentary apparatus by means of which Professor Morse sent his first message. There is an electric railroad in full operation. A big organ has been put up in one of the galleries, and is played from a keyboard a hundred feet away, supplied with electricity from a battery more than a hundred feet further away.

One of the most interesting of the exhibits shown is that of the Edison Company, which contains specimens of all the noted devices which he has invented. The Federal Government, in two of its departments, the War and Navy, makes a good representation.

There is also a remarkable display of what may be termed historical apparatus—primitive telegraphic instruments, samples of the first Atlantic cable, the first telephone, old electric light contrivances, etc. The Patent Office at Washington sends many specimens and models, showing the progress of electrical invention.

Nearly all European and South American Governments send special commissions to it, and official representatives of the British Association, the French Academy, and similar bodies are present. An International Conference of Electricians will be held during the exposition. This is the first electrical exhibition ever held in America, and the fourth in the world, the preceding ones having been held in Paris in 1881, Munich in 1882, and Vienna in 1883.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE DOG-DAYS IN PARIS.

The past summer in Paris was very similar to that experienced in New York, as regards weather. June and early July were cool, and the pessimists began to call attention to the fact that the earth was turning a cold shoulder upon its inhabitants, and that there was no summer weather any more. But as the days of the dog-star came on there was a sudden rise in the temperature, and it became very apparent that our old planet had no immediate intention of becoming an iceberg. There was summer heat enough then, and a good deal more than over-dressed Paris could enjoy. The theatres closed their doors, and *tout Paris* flitted to the sea-washed sands of Trouville and Boulogne. The stay-at-homes repaired to the caves and cascades of the Trocadero. Blinds were closed, and the long boulevards lay parched and deserted. Groups of perspiring men, some of them in their shirt-sleeves, collected in shady places, and the vendors of *coco*, and other cooling decoctions known to the Parisians, were about the only ones who showed signs of activity. Our picture is an afternoon sketch in the square of the Théâtre Français, and one almost feels its sultriness in looking at it. Paris provides appropriate fashions in dress for every season except *la canicule*. Then, to be well-dressed is to suffer.

STATUE OF JOUFFROY.

The statue of Claude de Jouffroy, of which we give an illustration, was unveiled at Besançon last month by M. de Lesseps, the municipality celebrating the occasion by a series of festivities. Jouffroy was born about 1751, and died in 1832. He was one of the most famous of the early experimenters for whom is claimed the honor of the first practical application of steam to navigation. His first experiment, made with a small propeller on the River Doubs in 1776, was a failure. At Lyons in 1783 he made a somewhat more satisfactory trial, which, however, was far from being a success. In 1816 he formed a company and launched a steamer on the Seine, but the enterprise ended disastrously. He wrote *Mémoires sur les Pompes à Feu* for the Academy, and in 1816 published *Les Bateaux-a-vapeur*. Arago and the French Academy acknowledged his claim to the discovery of steam navigation, and Fulton thought highly of his invention. The statue is by M. Charles Gauthier. It represents the inventor in a standing position, with one hand resting upon a rude model of his apparatus. The pedestal has marine decorations and bronze bas-reliefs relating to incidents in the life of Jouffroy.

VIEWS IN SHANGHAI.

Recent dispatches from China indicate an apprehension that the French fleet may soon visit

Shanghai, the chief emporium now open for European commerce, and a city of some 250,000 population. It is not likely that an attempt will be made to blockade the port, but the presence of a hostile fleet would not doubt have a great influence upon Chinese sentiment. The city lies on the Wong-Poo River, twelve miles above its mouth, and is inclosed by a wall five miles in circuit. Its commerce is very extensive, some 2,000 vessels clearing the port every year, and the value of imports and exports being some \$75,000,000. One of its principal exports is tea. The foreign settlement is situated outside of the walls, and divided into British, French and American concessions. Here the principal mercantile houses have stately edifices, and there is a wide quay on the river-bank called the "Bund." One of our illustrations shows this "Bund," or foreign quarter, with the building of the English Club on the left. Amongst the means of conveyance may be seen in the foreground the single-wheeled wheelbarrows—one coming and one going—and broker's carts and jinrikshas (an importation from Japan) also appear in the traffic of the "Bund."

RAFTING IN RUSSIA.

The Volkhov River in Russia is 130 miles in length, and navigable for most of the distance. Its navigation, however, is impeded by its rapidity and by falls. Nevertheless, the peasants carry on quite an extensive rafting business on its swift and dangerous waters, making light of the risks which attend their labors. Our illustration depicts a scene at a point of the river where navigation is comparatively easy.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Arthur Richard Wellesley, K. G., Duke of Wellington, etc., who died suddenly on the 13th ultimo, was the elder of the two sons of the "Iron Duke" by his wife Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford. The sonorous roll of his inherited titles recalls the days of Napoleon, and his features, as our portrait shows, strikingly resembled those of the hero of Waterloo. The Duke had a good share of Irish humor, and a social reputation as a good story-teller, but was never a prominent man before the public. He was born February 3d, 1807. After passing through Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the Rifle Brigade in 1823, and attained the rank of Major-general in 1862. He was an ardent advocate of the volunteer movement, and became Lieutenant-colonel of the Victoria Rifles, Middlesex, of which county he was Lord Lieutenant. He succeeded his father, the Great Duke, September 14th, 1852, and his cousin, the Earl of Mornington, July 25th, 1863. Previous to his accession to the Peerage, he sat in the House of Commons for Aldeburgh, 1829 to 1831, and for Norwich from 1837 to 1852. In January, 1853, he was appointed Master of the Horse and sworn of the Privy Council. He married April 18th, 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay (member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert), daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, but had no issue. The family honors devolve, consequently, on his Grace's nephew, Henry, now third Duke of Wellington, elder surviving son of the late Lord Charles Wellesley.

THE CHINESE ARMY OF TO-DAY.

THE Chinese army, since the establishment of the present Mandchus dynasty, in the seventeenth century, been composed of two sorts of troops—the "Banner Army" and the "Green Flags," corresponding about to our regulars and militia. The regulars are by far the more powerful body. In this branch of the army modern military science has made considerable headway. It is composed of divisions called "Banners," which are named after the different colors and designs of their standards. The "Banner" soldiers are the descendants of the Mandchus and their Mongolian allies—the victors in the Mandchu revolution. These Mandchus, both in number and spirit, surpass the Mongolian portion of the "Banner Army," and from them the officers are almost exclusively chosen. This Mandchu part of the "Banner Army" is at present made up of 678 companies, representing 67,800 men. Thirty years ago there were five times as many of them, and at present the number could be largely increased by calling out the veterans. The total "Banner" force is estimated at 116,000 men, of whom a majority are equipped as cavalry. About a half of this force is stationed in the province of Petchili, and the remainder is distributed as garrisons among the great cities. The western and sea coast provinces require the services of about 40,000 men. To the regular army, in considering the fighting Tartar force, must be added the strength of the warlike tribes of the frontier, which can furnish about 200,000 soldiers, a third of which would be cavalry. In this computation no account is taken of the garrisons of Tibet and the troops in Yunnan Kweichow and the Mandchurian provinces.

The force of the militia, or "Green Flags," is nearly 600,000 men. But in effectiveness they are very inferior to the troops we have named. The Mandchu policy has been to repress all warlike instincts among the Chinese proper, and to keep them from military service. The result is that the "Green Flags" recruited from the Chinese population is, in spite of its numerical strength, an insignificant army. Ten thousand of them, forming a part of the Peking garrison, have been well armed and drilled, but the rest of this vast body of men, living on what are, even in China, starvation wages, and having every military instinct carefully extinguished by the Government, is a mere untrained mob, and altogether useless for war purposes. There has been a slight improvement among them lately, but the results have so far been unimportant.

The "Green Flags" are scattered over the whole of the Empire, but the service is compulsory only in the eighteen provinces which make up China proper. In these provinces they are used for any purpose the Government desires, and are really, excepting the Peking garrison, at present a police force, both national, local and municipal. In Kwantung and Fuh-Kien there are now concentrated about 80,000 of them, owing, probably, to the recent revolts in these provinces.

As a people, either owing to distaste for discipline or love of peace, the Chinese have a decided non-military character. If the stability of the Empire depended on the "Green Flags," it would fall at the first attack from without or revolt from within. And the expedition against Peking in 1860 demonstrated that neither "Banner" men nor "Green Flags" could stand against European troops. The Chinese army at that time was useless to preserve the integrity of the Empire or to defend it against a foreign attack.

Since then, however, many important reforms have been instituted. The Taiping revolt which at its height occupied several provinces, and at one time threatened the capital, convinced the Government of the necessity of the introduction of European methods of armament and discipline. Prince Tung, then Imperial Regent, secured the services of competent officers to aid him in this work. Sherrard Osborne was empowered to construct a fleet of war-ships. Burgevine Ward and others were engaged to reorganize and instruct the army. These officers drilled and armed a small body of soldiers, but until Colonel Gordon took command of it in March, 1883, it had no remarkable success in the field. Then, however, this little body of about 3,500 men in a campaign lasting nearly a year, acquired the steadiness and skill of veterans, and won the title of "the always conquering force." Gordon broke the force of the Taiping rebellion, and troops similarly disciplined and officered by Europeans effected the pacification of Shanghai. A body of such troops under command of M. Aigabelle was of great assistance to the father of Tseng, the present well-known Chinese diplomat, Tseng Kwo-san. The prompt success of this new departure on the part of the Government, justified it even to the Chinese conservative element for abandoning the traditional policy.

At the end of the rebellion these skilled and disciplined troops became the nucleus of a new Chinese army. The soldiers of Li-Hung-Chang, with a part of Gordon's men, became the regular garrison of Peking, while the army of Paeng-Kwo-san, led by Tso-Tsung-Tang, were sent to stamp out a Mohammedan outbreak in the northwest provinces. While this force was so occupied, Li-Hung-Chang used every means to increase the efficiency of his own troops; so that in case of necessity they could stand up against a European enemy. He induced English and American officers to accept commissions in his command, both in Petchili, the province in which Peking lies, and the outlying provinces.

The garrison of Petchili is composed now of 50,000 Mandchus, 10,000 local Chinese, and 10,000 "Green Flags." And it is stated in well-informed quarters that to-day Li-Hung-Chang can put 70,000 well-armed, disciplined and officered men in the field. Some, however, think that this improvement has been confined to the Mandchu troops. This army has a position in China similar to the Guards in England. They are the crack troops. A portion of them have lately been dispatched from Tientsin to Canton for use in case of emergency on the southern frontier.

Behind these 70,000 troops, which rank with European soldiers in efficiency, stand the immense masses of Mandchu reserves, "Banner Army" and "Green Flags." Then in Kansuh and the northwest provinces, the Viceroy of Tsu has formed an army which, according to the judgment of competent military critics who attended their maneuvers, is only a little inferior in drill and armament to the force of Li-Hung-Chang. Tsu is now increasing the number of his men by levies in Nankin.

This sudden leap of China from barbarism to civilization in war matters will be appreciated when one considers that, in the place of the bow and spear, armed mobs which formed its army only a few years ago, it has now a great army well armed with the best modern weapons, disciplined and led by French, American, English and German officers. The Government has now about 200,000 of these troops. And it is said that the morals of the soldier have improved with an equal step.

Of late years the forts on the Peiho have been armed with Krupp and Armstrong guns; and the forts on the Taku, although their guns are old-fashioned smooth bores, are not to be despised by an invading force, while the approach to Peking from the Gulf of Petchili has been so beset by stone forts and earthworks, provided with the best of cannon, that it would be a very serious matter for a large force of the very best European troops to force their way through. Li-Hung-Chang, whose work this has been, prides himself on it more than on the great work he has done in modernizing the Chinese soldier. The Government has also established numerous foundries and arsenals, and China can go far towards supplying her own troops with munitions of war. The foundries have of late been reported to be working night and day.

These reforms, combined with the creation of a formidable navy, have lifted China quite out of the category of helpless nations unable to defend their rights, and make her a no longer despicable enemy. The old army, which a few English soldiers drove before them like cattle, is a thing of the past. In the present force the one weak point is that the officers of rank are nearly all foreigners. In case of war with a European Power this might easily cause embarrassment. But the troops are brave, well disciplined, provided with all improved weapons, and skillfully led. In case of war they will give a good account of themselves.

W. R. THOMPSON.

UP THE RIGI.

"MARGERY DEANE" thus describes the railroad ride to the Rigi Kulm: "The ascent from Arth is glorious—much more beautiful than the ascent of Washington. Indeed, the two mountains of almost equal height are as unlike as possible, for the Rigi is verdure clad to its summit and the track is lined by flowers, and the cattle graze beside it. A tiny little calf planted itself directly in our way at one point, looking at us with the greatest unconcern, while its mother put her head almost into the car window; but at times, the train carries us along dangerous precipices, on dizzy shelves of rock and over trestles beneath which Alpine streams leap and rush, falling at last a thousand or more feet into the valley below. It is a cog road on the principle of ours on Mount Washington—a temptation of Providence, one might call it, though safe enough, I suppose. One is not unwilling to risk something, for, as beauty after beauty unfolds itself, everything is forgotten when at last you reach the point where the Bernese Alps in all their grandeur are disclosed to view, and the lake you have crossed looks like the breast of a blue pheasant in color and size, as it lies far below you. There is one supreme moment in that ascent, as you round a curve near the Staffelhöhe and the snow mountains reaching into heaven itself become visible, which is beyond everything—certainly beyond all expression; impossible to make you understand unless you have known it. Perhaps the tears will blind your eyes, as they did mine. Ah, what a poor tourist am I! With folded map I cared not to look out a name, to know a height. It mattered not to me what they were individually called; it mattered not if they were east, west, south or north of me! It mattered only that I was here and they were there—that everlasting snow, those inaccessible heights."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER PRICE has withdrawn his resignation.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY has accepted a position on General Wolseley's staff, and will start immediately for Egypt.

SARAH BERNHARDT has signed an engagement with Abbey and Grau for one year's season in America, beginning in May, 1886.

It is said that Mme. Nilsson has signed a contract with Colonel Mapleson to sing in England and America for \$2,400 per night.

PROFESSOR WIGGINS, the Canadian meteorologist, with his accomplished wife, spent some days in New York last week, being the recipients of many marked attentions.

SITTING BULL, with his wife, Gray Eagle, Long Day, Spotted Horn Bull and wife, and the Princess Red Spear, are en route for exhibition throughout the East and Europe. The Sioux chief's agent is Major McLaughlin.

It is said that there is not now in Congress, and never has been in either branch of that body, a Representative or a Senator who looks so much like William Shakespeare as does Representative Thomas Reed, of Maine.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is to visit Australia in January next on a lecturing tour. He will speak on Life as he has seen it, a prolific theme. After staying twelve months he will come to this country by way of San Francisco.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES's birthday, which occurred on the 29th ultimo, called forth a large number of letters of congratulation and poems by well-known American and English writers, who joined in rendering tribute to the chief of "The Forty Immortals."

ABOUT two hundred Americans are present at the Evangelical Alliance now sitting in Copenhagen. Among the number are such well-known Doctors of Divinity as Philip Schaff, John Hall, William Taylor, Edward Bright and Wilbur F. Watkins, all of New York city.

THE Woman's National Equal Rights Party, at its Convention, held recently in San Francisco, nominated Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, for President of the United States. Mrs. Lockwood last week forwarded to the president of the Convention her letter of acceptance.

GOVERNOR WALLER has been nominated for reelection by the Democrats of Connecticut. In New Hampshire, the Republicans have nominated Moody Currier for Governor. The Kansas Prohibition State Convention, held at Lawrence last week, split on the question of supporting St. John for President.

M. CLEMENCEAU has been not only to the hospitals of Marseilles, but to the shams, slaughter-houses and bed-sides of the indigent sick people in their homes, and to every cholera-haunted spot or place likely to be a good site for the epidemic. Being a medical man, he was thought the most competent person of the delegation to go everywhere with Dr. Metaxas and M. Fabre, a Marseillais civic counselor, who have organized a public relief bureau.

MR. BLAINE last week visited the New England Fair at Manchester, N. H., and made an address on the relation of agriculture to our national prosperity. Subsequently he was tendered a reception, at which some thousands of people paid their respects to the distinguished candidate. General Butler spent last week in addressing political gatherings in Michigan and other Western States. He was received with great enthusiasm at Detroit and elsewhere.

MRS. WELDON, whom her sex must look up to with pride, having alone and unaided defeated a host of English lawyers and M. Ds., and proved a distinct conspiracy to entrap her into a lunatic asylum, possesses remarkable eloquence. Her arguments, as read, are close and crushing, and she is described as having a wondrous charm of expression. She is not prolix, but excessively concise. She is energetic, full of animal life. Her nervous and intellectual organization is intense.

LORD WOLSELEY left London for Egypt in the same quiet way that General Gordon did some eight months ago. A crowd assembled, however, and continued to cheer until Lord Wolseley was forced to let down the car-window and shake hands with all within his reach. The General's appearance gave no indication of either his rank or his mission. His clothes were plain and well-worn, and it was noticed that he wore the identical old coat which he had on when he left London to direct the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

THE honor of having been the first to propose James G. Blaine for President and John A. Logan for Vice-President seems to belong to Mr. J. Q. Thompson, the alert and accomplished editor of the Washington *Sunday Chronicle*. The suggestion of this ticket was made as long ago as November, 1882, when the whole question of candidates was involved in doubt and uncertainty. Mr. Thompson may well felicitate himself upon the sagacity of a suggestion which the hitherto dominant party of the country has considered worthy of adoption.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is gradually failing in strength. At the review of 25,000 German troops at Potsdam, last week, he appeared on horseback, but was overcome with fatigue when the parade was about half concluded. He struggled to maintain an erect position, but it was evident that he was suffering great distress. He consented to dismount and to enter an open carriage, from which he viewed the rest of the evolutions. It was plain that the aged Emperor was really ill, and that even he realized that the final breaking up of his strength, which has so long been feared, is not far off. The festivities that were to have been given in the evening, in honor of the Emperor's visit, were indefinitely postponed.

MADAME PATTI now has her Castle of Craig-y-Nos, in Wales, lighted by electricity. The installation, says *The Electrician* (London), consists of seventy twenty candle-power incandescent lamps, distributed in the winter-garden, conservatory, dining-hall, boudoir, etc. In the winter-garden and conservatory the lamps hang by twisted silk cord from the roof, and have tinted green lilies over them. The effect among the various climbing and other plants which are festooned above the roof is charming. In the dining, drawing and billiard rooms, and the boudoir, the lamps are partly attached to the existing gas-fittings and partly hung by silk cords from the ceilings. The lamps are covered with tinted opalescent ruby and other shades.



NEW YORK.—A FARMER FROM THE INTERIOR SEEKING A WIFE AMONG THE EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.
THE INTRODUCTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE INTERNATIONAL ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA, OPENED SEPTEMBER 2D.
VIEW OF THE ILLUMINATED FOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 54.

WHEN THE NIGHT SHALL COME.

IN childhood's years, in the long ago,
Night brought a balm for each boyish woe;
The evening wind stole kindly by;
The stars smiled love from the peaceful sky;
Sweet dreams from the angel of sleep were won;
And all was well—when the day was done!

Manhood is hard, and the days are long;
Men scorn the right and applaud the wrong;
But nature and night are kindly still—
The sun goes over the western hill—
'Neath the star-gemmed sky there is love for all,
And all is well—when the shadows fall!

And so—is it strange, when night's breezes rise,
I imagine them blowing from Paradise?
And wonder—wonder—how long ere I
Shall smile to earth's days an unsaid good-by;
Then my happy heart shall with peace be dumb,
And all will be well—when the night shall come!

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

AMBER, THE WAIF.

(Continued.)

BY K. F. HILL.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE LOVE OF LUCRE.

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Price of many a crime untold!"

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered and doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the graveyard's mold—
Price of many a crime untold!
Gold! gold! gold! gold!"

ABOUT two miles below the lighthouse on the shore there was a wild spot. The ocean came in across sharp reefs and formed a deep pool below a cliff. This promontory was not very lofty, but it overhung the sea, and a fall from it could scarcely be otherwise than fatal, even to a strong man and a powerful swimmer, for the savage breakers rolled in with such vigor that his strength would avail him little, and tossed among the sharp reefs his skill as a swimmer would prove equally useless. The edges of the reefs cut like daggers, and the luckless mortal, who, struggling in Nelson's Pool, should be hurled upon them, could have little hope of escape.

The spot was lonely and dismal; above, the cliff was bare and bleak; no one came there for pleasure, for it was not an inviting place, but after a storm it was generally visited by the wreckers, for they were certain to find victims of the tempest's fury crushed and torn among the sharp-toothed coral branches.

Walter Morrow left the lighthouse in a state of frantic resentment and fear.

He knew it was useless to hope that he could ever change Amber's resolution.

Sebastian, too, was determined, and Walter knew that he was a man who could never give up a contest till he had tried his utmost effort to conquer his opponent.

His scheme was foiled; marriage with his cousin was impossible. His only hope now lay in gaining possession of the papers. Old Mag was the person who could help him, and no other living creature. He must act at once, for Sebastian was prepared to deal with her also.

No time was to be lost. Walter knew that; he had begun to hate the old hag with an intense hatred that surprised himself, and he felt that he must rid himself of her as soon as he succeeded in bribing her to give up the belt and its contents.

How could he accomplish this? The old woman was exceedingly artful. Walter had mounted his horse on leaving Sebastian's dwelling, and he rode slowly along the well-nigh deserted road above the beach.

He was plunged in thought, for he felt that every hour added to the dangers that encompassed him.

Had he been less avaricious he would have given Mag a handsome sum for her stolen property, and also bribed her to leave Key West. This he was not willing to do. For one reason, he knew that he was already in her power; and for another, he could not trust to any promise she might make. She would certainly return to torment him as long as she lived. Gold was her god, and she could not resist the temptation to increase her hoard while one spark of life lingered in her wrinkled body.

"She'll be a curse to me all her life," said Walter, desperately, and he wiped the icy drops from his face as he spoke. "It is fearful to be haunted by such a hag. Her claim will be never satisfied. There is no hope for me while she lives!"

He reasoned the matter over a dozen times, but this was always the end of his reasoning: *Old Mag must die!*

"After all," said the sin-steeped wretch, "it is only just that she should die. What does she care for human life? What did she care for Louise, or my grandfather? Vile hag! but for her they would both be living now. Yes, but for her devilish acts. She—she tempted me."

So the murderer tried to justify his foul, treacherous crimes even to himself. One more murder must he commit, then he would be safe, and this would be an act of justice.

"The longer she lives the more harm she will do. She must die—but how?"

He had ridden on without noting time or space, and as he arrived at this conclusion he turned his horse to return.

The animal had walked very slowly, the reins hanging upon his neck, and when Walter turned him he found that he was on the solitary cliff overhanging Nelson's Pool.

He started—something in the desolate look of the place, taken with the dark thoughts which

filled his brain, caused a sudden sinking of his heart.

He dismounted and tied his horse to a shrub, then walked to the edge of the cliff and gazed down.

Some twelve feet from where he stood there surged and eddied a mass of foaming breakers. Under that bubbling, frothy water lay sharp reefs. Every wave that came rushing and roaring in dashed over them, and then fell with a dull foam into the pool which surged and heaved against the cliff that overhung it.

A smile came over Walter's face as he gazed down upon the terrible place.

"What chance would a man have for his life there?" he said, meditatively. "None; the waves would dash him on the breakers, and the breakers would tear him to pieces. He would be dead in a moment."

After another long look at the cruel, seething waters below he turned, and remounting his horse, rode slowly away.

Old Mag had been waiting at home in contented idleness.

She had pondered well over the position of affairs, and had come to the conclusion that Walter Morrow would seek her, and that she need not seek him.

He must buy the papers, and he must pay for them well, and also for the insulting remarks he had made about her to Amber while she lurked in the boat-house.

"Yes, deary!" mumbled the old hag, as she sat on her doorstep enjoying her pipe. "You are dark and bad, but I am darker and more cunning—much more cunning!"

Her patience was at length rewarded. A messenger arrived from Walter, who was determined that he would not visit the old woman in her home again.

This messenger was no other than the Cuban girl spoken of by Louise. She was a bright quadroon, named Rose, tall, slender and sprightly. She was also very ignorant, but possessed a sort of natural smartness. Rose paid her visit in the early morning and found old Mag seated on the doorstep.

"Are you Mother Mag?" asked the girl, with a friendly smile.

"I am," answered the crone, who knew the girl, as indeed she did almost every one in the city.

"Well, I've brought you a message."

"Where is it?"

"Here. The person who sent it thought it was better to write, and you must write your answer on the back of this letter."

Mag peered from under her bushy eyebrows at the girl.

Rose handed her a note. It bore no superscription, neither was it signed. It said:

"I have ascertained that you have some papers in your possession which you are willing to sell providing you get a handsome sum for them. Come to the cliff above Nelson's Pool to-night at dusk, bring the papers—all of them—with you, and I'll meet you and pay whatever you ask."

"I know who sent this letter," said Mag, when she had finished reading it.

"Well, write your answer on the back, and give it to me. I must make haste."

"All right," said the old mother, and she shambled indoors with the letter in her hand.

"Here's your answer," she said.

The girl took the note. "That's not the same letter!" she said, sharply.

"I didn't say it was," replied Mag, sitting down, and resuming her pipe.

Rose hesitated. "He told me to bring back the letter."

"Well, tell him you can't, for I won't give it to you."

Mag was evidently in no yielding mood; so, after lingering for a moment or two, Rose walked off.

"Ah, deary! you thought I was fool enough to send back the letter, eh?"

As she sat chuckling she espied a bulky form in the distance. She held her withered hand above her eyes and watched it attentively.

"Bruce come back so soon!" she said, in surprise.

It was the captain, and he was coming to pay her a visit.

"Good-evening, captain," she said, with what she intended for a smile of welcome.

The man looked gloomy, and he only answered Mag's welcome by a nod.

"Come in," she said; and they entered the house and shut the door.

"What's the matter, deary?" inquired the old woman, after an anxious look at his dark face.

"The deuce's the matter," he answered, roughly.

"What do you mean?"

She sat down near him, for his words alarmed her.

"Why, that black scoundrel of a black Pedro of mine fell from the masthead this morning; he was nearly dead, and the fools on board, for I was ashore, let him be carried to the hospital. He has sent for a parson, and I'm in a terrible funk for I think he'll confess everything."

Old Mag looked alarmed.

"What will you do?" she asked, apprehensively.

"Well, I'll find out whether he is going to peach, and if he does, I'll have to make a run for it."

"Dear, dear! to go and take him to a hospital; how foolish; if they had only sent for me!"

She grinned in a fiendish manner.

"Yes; I wish they had. Pedro was a fine fellow, but he always had a mortal horror of dying."

"Most of 'em has, deary!" chuckled Mag.

"Now, Mag, I want you to give me everything that will prove that boy's identity. I'll find a fellow better suited to play the part than this Barty, and make Buchanan believe he is his son."

"But will it be safe, deary?"

The old woman blinked uneasily—she had not had time to grasp the whole situation, but she

fancied she could make a profit out of this business.

"I'll have all the things here to-night at ten o'clock. Come then!"

"Can't you give them to me now?" Bruce eyed her suspiciously.

"No, deary; do you think I'd keep them in this old shanty? No, no! They'd get stolen. No, no!"

The captain looked savagely at her.

He knew she was telling a falsehood, but he felt baffled. To a certain extent he was in her power, and could not better his position by violence.

"Well, Mag," he said, slowly, "I'll come back here to-night; don't you disappoint me! I may have to leave to-morrow, for Buchanan may telegraph and have me arrested."

He rose and left her, with a gloomy look on his face.

Mag rubbed her skinny hands in glee.

"Ha! ha!" she shrieked. "It's too good—too good!"

She locked her front door and unlocked her sanctum.

"I'll have to put those things away," she said, with fiendish glee. "I'll hide them, and, when the fuss comes, Barty's father will pay for them. I'm the good old woman that took care of the mother and the child, and I'll get a good reward. Everything comes in well for Mag. More gold!"

As she mumbled these words over to herself, she unlocked the old trunk. To her unbounded amazement the lid fell off.

The hag uttered a howl of dismay. The trunk was empty!

"I'm robbed!"

She sank down among the dust, an abject wretch—a hideous mockery of the dignity of age. Her uncouth cap fell off, and her straggling white hair fell about her evil face and skinny throat. Her old gnarled hands were clasped upon the dirty floor. She was a sight to cause shudders of pity and disgust in the most hardened breast that could behold her; but she was alone.

"I've been robbed!" she said, with a whine of self-pity, raising herself from the floor and clearing her hair away from her old, blinking eyes. "Who could have done it? Who could have the heart to rob me?"

She dragged herself up to a chair and sat down, looking about her in a bewildered fashion.

"Barty's father would have given me gold for those things!" she panted. "Yellow gold to put with the rest. But what am I thinking of? It may be gone, too!"

With a howl of anguish, like the cry of a tortured animal, she again sprang up. She dragged the old cloth forth and eagerly examined her box.

"Safe!" she muttered; and, if ever in her evil life she had returned thanks to an unseen power, she did it then for the safety of her miserable gold—

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Price of many a crime untold."

Yes, if ever Mag had sent up an unuttered prayer of thanksgiving to an outraged Heaven she did it for the safety of her gold, price of many a crime untold. With trembling hands she raised the shining pieces to her withered lips and kissed them.

Her lips that never had murmured a prayer, never had returned the kiss of a babe, were pressed to the hard, shining coin she worshipped.

"My gold is safe!" she cried, in transports of joy, her hideous hag's face glowing. "My gold is safe; I've worked so hard for my gold!"

She counted her loss and moaned over it. Knowing the love parents bear their children, she estimated how well Barty's father would have paid to recover his son—to learn the fate of the wife that had loved so fondly, mourned so faithfully. Bruce said he had spent one fortune in his vain search. He would not grudge another to succeed.

"Oh, what a loss!" groaned Mag. "What a terrible loss! But I'll make Walter pay for it. Yes, Walter shall pay for it."

She replaced her beloved gold in its old hiding-place behind the clock. She then returned to her place by the door. Strange to say, she never suspected Barty of taking the missing articles from the old trunk. This was owing to a firm belief in Barty's ignorance, and a very poor opinion of his intelligence. She regarded the young man as little better than a fool, and, of course, she knew nothing of the conversation having been overheard by him the night the captain had told the story in the sitting-room.

"I'll go to-night to meet Walter," she said, "and I'll make him pay for my loss."

CHAPTER XXII.—LOVE.

"Have I not—
Hear me, my Mother Earth! Behold, it, Heaven!
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away?"

"AMBER!" Sebastian stood beside the window watching the departure of Walter Morrow.

"Yes."

The girl drew near him, her young, clear eyes fixed upon his face, the quick throbs of her heart sending the warm blood to cheeks and lips.

There was something in Sebastian's manner she did not understand—as there had once been something in Walter's, with this difference: The mystery in Sebastian's manner did not make her angry. It filled her with a peculiar sensation she had never felt before, a thrill of joy and a thrill of fear.

She was intensely happy. Had not Sebastian said, in homely phrase, he wished her to stay with him? Yes; there could be no doubt that she was happy, but she was frightened, too! Frightened of Sebastian?

Surely that was a jest to make her smile! In-

stead of smiling, she trembled. She could not look at him.

"Amber, come here and sit down."

She took her place near him, while he remained standing by the window.

"My child, you are very young," he said, slowly.

This did not seem to need an answer, and Amber gave it none.

"Very young, very innocent, and very beautiful!"

"Am I beautiful?"

The question was asked with childlike wonder. She had never thought herself beautiful.

"Yes, you are beautiful! I am old enough to be your father; you see my home how—humble it is! You have told me that you were happy here?"

"So I am. I never was so happy in my life."

She made the assertion in a low tone, her head bent down, her hands clasped.

"Amber, would you be content to live so always?"

"Yes, Sebastian."

"You would not tire of this lonely spot, this home almost among the clouds, the wash of the breakers, the voice of the ocean, the weary monotony of this life?"

"No, never!"

As she uttered the earnest words she raised her beautiful, richly-tinted face, and her wonderful dark eyes regarded him with all sincerity.

"Amber, I'll tell you my story. You ought to—you must hear it! I am Sebastian Gordon, Earl of Huntington, a nobleman of an old Scottish family. Years ago I was betrothed to my cousin, Lady Flora Campbell. She was poor and proud; her blood was blue, and we were promised to each other while we were still children. A beautiful girl, with a pure patrician face, eyes like the blue forget-me-not, hair like gold, and a milky skin. A lovely being, and I learned to love her."

Amber's face had grown pale, and the little hands clasped together and trembled.

Sebastian's face was turned away. He neither saw them nor heard the quick gasps she uttered.

"Yes; I loved her as boys love. She loved me, too. She loved my old name, my wealth. We were betrothed, and I was happy. On the anniversary of our day of betrothal a ball was given at Haworth Priory, my country seat in Perthshire, and the home of my widowed mother. Lady Flora was there, of course. She was the belle of the evening. Her dress, a mass of snowy gauze, gemmed with stars, a coronal of diamond stars encircling her golden head. She was rarely beautiful, and I was madly in love—a love-sick boy, for I was only twenty. It was my birthday, too, and the following one was to be our wedding-day. How happy I was that night!—how madly, wildly happy! The 29th of July—the same day, Amber, that you were cast up here by the sea. Well, I had many duties to perform, for I was Earl of Huntington, my father having died when I was three years old, and I lost sight of Flora for a time. When I was released I sought her, and I found her in an arbor at the bottom of the lawn, clasped in the arms of her brother's tutor, with whom she was exchanging the most passionate endearments and avowals of love. I heard them all. I heard her term me an insipid boy, for whom she cared nothing. She declared our marriage an 'unholy contract,' and swore that she would ever love the man in whose arms she lay. I fled from home and country, a madman. I wrote her one letter telling her all, and bidding her marry the man she loved. Five years later, when I was given up for dead, she married the man who inherited my title."

"And you love her still?" was Amber's whispered question.

"No; I have not loved her for years. She was a cruel, soulless woman. Had I married her, had I never found her false, I would soon have ceased to love her. Love for a wax statue cannot last."

"You suffered," said Amber, softly, with the musical cadence of the deepest sympathy in her voice.

"Yes, I suffered! God knows I did. At one time I said, with Byron:

"There is a life in my despair,
Vitality of poison, a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing could we die!"

"You do not feel so now?"

"No, Amber; I have learned to live another, better life. That woman is a widow; I could go back to my high place and marry her, but I would rather leap into yonder sea on the night of the darkest storm and tempest. She is nothing to me."

A look of the calmest joy stole like moonlight over Amber's face. She uttered a long-drawn sigh.

"And now," resumed Sebastian, "I wish to ask you one question."

"Yes," said the girl, softly. She felt a strange, new thrilling sensation, half-fear, half-happiness.

"Amber, I have learned to love again. Do you believe my new love will treat me as Lady Flora did?"

Again Amber trembled, again her hands clasped convulsively.

Was she to hear another confession of love?"

"You do not answer me," said Sebastian, with a certain deep expression in his tone.

"How can I tell?" replied the girl. "I do not know the one you love. I hope—I trust, she is worthy."

"I hope so, too," said Sebastian, earnestly; "but you are wrong, Amber, when you say you do not know her. You know her well, and you alone can tell me whether I am to be happy or wretched for life. Do you not understand me, darling?"

Amber's little trembling hands now were prisoners in the strong brown clasp of Sebastian.

"Answer me, dearest! Is my life to be blessed by the treasure cast up by the sea? Can you consent to waste your youth and beauty in this dreary spot, with only me for a companion?"

The girl lowered her head in maidenly modesty, and from her shy lips came the one word he longed for.

"Yes!"

Then Sebastian drew her to his heart, and only the murmur of the sea whispered congratulations to the happy lovers.

Amber never guessed the truth, that Sebastian had followed her to the old boathouse on the occasion of her last interview with Walter Morrow, and had gathered courage, from what he overheard of their conversation, to ask her to become his wife.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTREAL MEETING OF SCIENTISTS.

THE sessions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Montreal during the week ending September 3d, were full of interest and variety. The discussions, covering subjects of wide and deep importance, were marked by the highest interest, and have proved in the largest sense instructive and entertaining. The meetings were held at McGill University and other buildings in the vicinity, the several sections meeting simultaneously in separate quarters. The reception of the Association by the people of Montreal was most hospitable, and excursions and entertainments for those inclined to pleasure rather than work have been the order of the day. On the opening day, the proceedings were graced by the presence of the Dominion officials.

We cannot, of course, enumerate all the subjects discussed by the scientists. One topic, of popular interest, was the connection between sun-spots and the weather. This subject has attracted a good deal of attention during the last few years, and the conclusion reached by astronomers who have studied it closely are full of interest. One of the conclusions developed by the discussions of the British Association is that by studying the sun and its effects, *savants* may be able to predict the weather upon the earth. In fact, such prediction in a general way is already possible. It has been found by Professor Stewart and others that magnetic changes, produced apparently by the sun, precede meteorological changes both traveling from west to east. These magnetic changes take less than two days to travel from Canada to England, while the weather changes which follow take seven or eight days to cross the Atlantic. But whether this rule holds for all parts of the world is not known, because of the lack of observations in different countries. The observation of sun-spots also seems to furnish a means of forecasting the general character of the seasons, for it has been found that exceptionally hot Summers generally occur a year or two after sun-spots have been most numerous, and exceptionally cold Winters a year or two after the sun has been most free from spots. "It has also been shown," we quote the *Sun* newspaper—"that the most destructive cyclones in both the East and West Indies occur when the sun-spots are most numerous. The great difficulty is that the period during which the sun-spots increase and then diminish in number, is somewhat uncertain. It is generally about eleven years, but sometimes it is only eight years, and again it extends to sixteen years." This subject has a present interest from the fact that the sun is just now passing through a period of spottedness, as anybody may see by taking a peep at it through a telescope. One singular fact that has recently been brought to light is that when great sun-spots are numerous many small comets are seen in the neighborhood of the sun.

Tuesday, the 2d instant, was devoted chiefly to a reception of the Arctic explorers, Lieutenants Greely and Ray. The gymnasium, where the Geographical section has been meeting, was thronged with a brilliant assemblage; every seat was occupied, the corridors were densely packed, and the audience included the most distinguished members of the Association and a great throng of ladies. When Lieutenant Greely appeared he was greeted with a roar of applause, and subsequently, when he described his Arctic explorations, he was heard with intense interest and constant demonstrations of approval. Lieutenant Ray was also warmly received. Lieutenant Greely and Lieutenant Ray differed as to the existence of an open polar sea, the former favoring the belief that there is such a sea, and the latter holding that there is not. Several of the members of the Royal Geographical Society, who spoke after Lieutenant Greely was through, coincided in his opinion that there is an open polar sea. Captain Bedford Pim, of the Royal Navy, who rescued McClintock in his search for Sir John Franklin, in 1853, and who himself came near dying of starvation in the Arctic regions, spoke in warm praise of the American lieutenant's work, and declared, amid applause, that it should be pushed on until man had reached the pole. General Lefroy, Lord Raleigh, and others joined in congratulating the Americans on their achievements in the Arctic.

Later in the day Lieutenant Greely was entertained at lunch by the Geographical Section of the Association, when the following address was presented to the explorer:

"DEAR SIR—The undersigned, on behalf of many warm friends and admirers, and as representing various professional and scientific pursuits, desire to express to you their appreciation of the courage and devotion which have characterized your conduct during the trying circumstances of your late Arctic service. We trust that your health may soon be restored, and that you will long be spared to render, as during your past distinguished career, those valuable and devoted services to your great country which have already placed you among the foremost of the scientific explorers of the age."

This was signed by Lord Raleigh, Sir William Thompson, the Lord Bishop of Ontario, Sir James Glasher, Sir James Douglas, Captain Bedford Pim, and General Sir James Lefroy.

Our illustrations show McGill College and grounds, where the Association met; and a group of the members of the General Committee, from a photograph taken on the opening day. The Association closed its session on the 3d, when the members scattered in various directions, some going to Toronto, the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone Valley, and others, whose appetites for pure science was yet unsatisfied, taking a special train for Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

THE WORKINGMEN'S PARADE.

THE great procession of workingmen which moved through the streets of New York on Monday, the 1st instant, was significant of the growing organization of labor. There were perhaps not more than 10,000 men in the parade, and yet, as a representative demonstration, it was imposing. Great crowds gathered along the line of march up Broadway, and the crowded windows of the great

manufacturing establishments afforded a glimpse of the vast multitudes of bread-winners who would have liked, but who were not permitted or could not afford, to take a "day off." All the trades-unions were represented. There were hod-hoisting engineers, printers, bricklayers, box-makers, shoe-makers, cigar-makers, butchers, tailors and artisans of all kinds—a fine, orderly body of men, some of them with machinery and materials on trucks, exhibiting their skill at their respective vocations as the procession moved along. Banners with inscriptions and pictorial representations, such as that shown in our picture, were very numerous. They set forth the condition of the workingman of to-day, together with maxims calculated to inspire the laborer with a sense of the justice he should demand. Other placards directed the reader to "boycott" certain newspapers and business firms adjudged inimical to the rights of labor. John Swinton, Patrick Ford, Alexander Jonas, Victor Drury, and other favorites with the workingmen's organizations, reviewed the procession at Union Square, and in the afternoon and evening there was a grand picnic at Washington Park. Altogether, the labor parade of last week was one which might well encourage those who organized it, and the thousands represented by them.

THE LATE SECRETARY FOLGER.

THE country was startled on the 4th instant by the announcement of the death of Secretary Folger, which occurred on the afternoon of that day, at his home in Geneva, N. Y. His end was so sudden that there was no time to summon his children, who were in the Adirondacks, and the only persons present with him were his physicians and two or three old friends. He had been ill for a fortnight, but had at intervals shown indications of returning strength, and had persisted up to the last in attending to the official business brought to his attention. His last words were: "My eyes are growing dim; I cannot see." Fifteen minutes later he was dead.

Charles James Folger was born, April 16th, 1818, at Nantucket, Mass., but had resided at Geneva, N. Y., ever since he was twelve years of age. He was graduated at Hobart College in 1836 with the highest honors of his Class. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1839, was a Justice of the Peace in Geneva, and was appointed in 1844 a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Ontario County. He was elected County Judge of Ontario County in 1851. He began his political life as a Silas Wright Democrat, but in 1861 he was elected to the State Senate as a Republican, and served eight years, being one of the recognized leaders of the party. In the Constitutional Convention of 1867 he served on the Judiciary Committee, and in the railroad contests in the Legislature in 1868 he championed the Bill, passed at that session, preventing the consolidation of competing roads, and prohibiting a director of one road from becoming a director in a rival company. Vast interests were at stake, and there were many allegations of official corruption; but not a word was ever spoken against the integrity of Mr. Folger. He also distinguished himself by taking a bold stand against Tweed's tax levies for New York city, in one instance extending the session, and continuing the contest three days rather than yield a single point. In 1869, he was appointed by President Grant to the office of United States Treasurer in the City of New York. At the end of the year he was elected an Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals of this State, and upon the death of Chief Judge Church, in 1880, was designated by Governor Cornell to act as Chief Judge. He was re-elected for the term of fourteen years by a majority of 45,368, resigning to take the post of Secretary of the Treasury. In the Fall of 1882 he became the Republican candidate for Governor of this State. During the canvass nothing was said reflecting upon Mr. Folger's character or personal worth. The large majority of his opponent was due to a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction among the Republicans as to the manner in which the convention which nominated him was managed and their failure to vote at the polls. As for himself, he was true to the Republican Party until his death. On the very day of his decease the National Republican Committee received a letter from him offering to speak, if his services were required, in behalf of the nominees for President and Vice-President.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MACON, GA.

THERE are few cities in the South which can boast of handsomer architecture than Macon, Ga. This is exhibited both in its residences and public buildings. Its latest acquisition in this line is the Academy of Music, just completed and situated on Mulberry Street next to another elegant structure—a \$150,000 court-house. The Academy is a striking piece of architecture in which steep gables and graceful arches play an important part, the brick being worked in red mortar, with occasional lines of black where striking effects are sought. Gray stone trimmings and a several-colored slate roof, form a pleasing contrast with the bright red masonry, which reaches a height of one hundred feet from the pavement.

This building was erected solely for dramatic and kindred purposes, and guarantees a degree of safety to amusement-seekers not often found in our Southern playhouses, as the hall is on the ground floor; in short, it is a "dramatic temple" from cellar to skylight. The building is owned by a heterogeneous stock company—i.e., clerks, ladies, merchants and capitalists, who enrolled their names more through a spirit of enterprise than with an idea to profitable investment. The Academy is well stocked with scenery and improved stage accessories; has fire-plugs and fire-escapes, and will cost, all told, not less than \$75,000. Mr. Alexander Blair, Macon, is the architect. The doors will be thrown open to the public during this month.

SWEDISH RAILWAY TRAVEL.

"As we wound round a valley," says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, "I was much interested to see what I thought was a funeral procession coming towards us. As we came nearer, however, I saw that it was the daily express train coming up the line. It must be very difficult for a Norwegian train to keep to its time-table, as it is almost impossible to avoid getting ahead of it. But the engineers are very cautious and reliable. They have a terrible legend, however, of a wild engineer who used to run ahead of time and nearly had a frightful accident. A man fell asleep with his leg on the railroad track, when this engineer and his train came along. The sleeping man felt something pinch his leg, and awakening

saw that it was the express train. He then got off the track in time to save himself. Had he slept five minutes longer, the train would have been completely over his leg and broken it. The engineer was blamed greatly, for he was a reckless man, who sometimes ran as fast as ten miles an hour. I think, however, that this legend has no foundation in fact, for I never saw a Norwegian train in a hurry."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

ONE of the most remarkable telegraphic feats on record, it is said, was the recent delivery of a message from Melbourne, Australia, to London in twenty-three minutes. It went by land and sea, over 13,308 miles of wire.

CYCLOPS is the name given to an Indiana baby, and it is no misnomer. She was born during the frightful cyclone in Jamaica two years ago, which swept away villages and forests. The house in which the mother lay was demolished—all except the four walls and ceiling of the room in which she was.

It is not an uncommon thing for actresses to sell the floral gifts received over the footlights; that is, when they are gifts. When the actress provides her own flowers, she will, if an economical person, utilize them on as many nights as possible by working them over into different forms. "Lucca," says the gossip, "Lucca, the peerless, sends all such testimonials of admiration to the hospitals."

It is usual at the University of Cambridge to annually give a handsome sum for the best poem. Some years ago a waggish undergraduate, for a mere jest, made a poem by piecing together fragments of all those which had for many years been the winners. He expected that the committee would laugh at it, and throw it aside. What was his horror at learning that he had been adjudged the prize, and that his name was published all over England as that of the victor! How he got out of the scrape is not known, but no harm came to him.

THE City of Charleston is every year becoming more prosperous. For the last commercial year the receipts of cotton were 428,301 bales; rice, 67,476 barrels; naval stores, 328,256 casks and barrels; phosphate rock, crude, 196,714 tons; fertilizers, 143,790 tons. The product of local manufactures, excluding fertilizers, was \$6,757,400. The total trade amounted to \$64,501,190. A large number of new buildings are going up, and real estate is advancing in value. It is a remarkable fact that there have been only two commercial failures of consequence during the year, and neither of these due to ordinary business causes.

RHEEM, who has charge of the reptile specimens in the Smithsonian Institute, contradicts much of the popular belief as to snakes. Some of the most dreaded have no existence. The hoop-snake, which takes the end of its tail in its mouth and rolls over and over like a hoop, killing everything it touches with its venom, and the blow-snake, the breath of which is deadly, are fictions. As serpents move about they are constantly feeling ahead with the tongue, and the forward thrust and peculiar forked appearance of this organ has given rise to the false idea that with it the stinging is done. It is generally thought that there are a great number of poisonous snakes. In North America there are but three species—the rattlesnake, the copperhead, or moccasin, and the coral. There are about thirty varieties of these species altogether.

In a lecture upon the Esquimaux delivered in London recently, Dr. Rae expressed the opinion that this people were originally an Asiatic race, who crossed from Siberia by Behring's Straits. From Labrador to Alaska they speak but one language, with slight dialectical variations. They are physically strong, have great affection for their children, and are intelligent and faithful. The tallest male measured by Dr. Simpson near Behring's Straits was five feet ten and a half inches, and the shortest was five feet one inch; the heaviest weighed 195 pounds, and the lightest 125 pounds. An Esquimaux often eats as much as eight pounds of seal or twelve pounds of fish at a meal. The clothing of the people is made almost entirely of reindeer skins, and their dwellings, usually snug and comfortable, consist of stone and mud kraals, wooden huts and snow-houses, according to locality.

The zeal of the Salvation Army in India has created a regular water war in the village near Ahmedabad. One of the leaders, Major Tucker, lately invaded the village, and found a community of Christian converts, whose spiritual directors, Church of England missionaries, had gone for a holiday in the hot weather. Accordingly Major Tucker set to work with processions and much tom-tom beating, and reconverted the majority of the converts, greatly to the disgust of the missionaries when they came back again. Thus the village was divided in opinion, and the missionary converts found a plan to revenge themselves on the dissenters. There were only two wells in the village, the public one ran dry, and the other was the private property of a non-Salvationist. He refused to let the Salvationists draw from his well, and his friends helped him to break all the water-vessels brought by Major Tucker's followers. So at present the Salvationists are boycotted from the well, and either have a daily fight for the water or a long walk to another village.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 31st.—In New York, Thomas M. Argall, an old merchant of this city, aged 56 years. September 1st.—In Waterville, N. Y., John A. Livingston, a well-known New York business man, aged 64 years; in Nyack, N. Y., Smith Sheldon, founder of the publishing house of Sheldon & Co., aged 72 years. September 2d.—In Ocean Grove, N. J., Philemon H. Frost, an old and well-known New Yorker, aged 88 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., George Harding, a well-known tea-dealer, aged 68 years; in London, England, Sir Robert Richard Torrens, K. C. M. G., aged 70 years; in Spain, Garcia Gutierrez, the Spanish dramatic author, aged 72 years. September 3d.—In Sparta, Ga., Bishop George F. Pierce, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, aged 73 years; in Yonkers, N. Y., ex-Mayor Joseph Masten, of that city, aged 68 years; in New York, Frederic William Thurnsch, assistant organist of Trinity Church, aged 27 years. September 4th.—In Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Joseph W. Hull, a well-known New York importer, aged 64 years; in Little Falls, N. Y., Lorenzo M. Carryl, of the New York Produce Exchange; in Italy, Professor Giulio Carcano, an Italian poet, aged 72 years. September 5th.—At Schroeon Lake, N. Y., ex-City Chamberlain J. Nelson Tappan, aged 51 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., has just celebrated its centennial anniversary with great *éclat*.

THE Treasury Department has prohibited the landing of rags from foreign ports for three months.

THE reduction of the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, during the month of August was \$8,542,852.

A FEATURE of a Liberal demonstration in Brussels, a few days since, was a procession containing 90,000 persons.

"A LADY" writes to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* upon the impropriety of stopping funeral corteges while the hearse-driver gets a glass of beer.

THE international Postal Congress, which was to have met at Lisbon on October 1st, has been postponed until February 1st on account of the cholera.

A CONVENTION of rice and sugar-planters in Louisiana, who favor the doctrine of Protection, has decided to place in the field a Blaine and Logan electoral ticket.

ADVICES from India state that further anxiety is felt in portions of the country owing to continued lack of rain. The crops are withering in some parts of the Punjab and in Mysore, Deccan and Madras.

NORWAY is in the closest business relation with Spain. Many Norwegian youths go to Spain for their commercial education, and almost all of the Norwegian merchant princes and sea-captains speak Spanish.

THE British Government is preparing a Bill to modify the land law in Scotland for the purpose of protecting the crofters from summary eviction. It is rumored that the Bill is based upon Land League principles.

THE Massachusetts Republicans have renominated the present State officers. The Democrats of that State have nominated ex-Judge W. C. Endicott for Governor. In Texas the Republicans have resolved to make no nominations but to support the Independent candidates for State offices. In Wisconsin the present Republican State officials have been renominated.

THE Red Cross Congress opened at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 2d instant. Only four French delegates were present. The number of German delegates were thirty-six. Three speakers addressed the Congress and spoke in German. The French delegates complained of this, as the rules of the Congress prescribed French. The German delegates, however, continued the discussion in German. The Empress Augusta of Germany sent a donation of £200.

THE Internal Revenue Department reports that the amount of beer which paid taxes in this country last year was 588,000,000 gallons. Adding to this the amount exported and evading the tax, brings the total up to about 600,000,000 gallons. This makes the United States the third in the list of beer-producing countries in the world, England standing first, and Germany second. The number of breweries in this country does not compare with those of other countries, the breweries here doing their work on a large scale, and while they make two-thirds as much beer as the breweries of England, their number is only one-tenth as many.

A REMARKABLE revolt occurred recently in the prison for women at Alcala, Spain. It contained at the time 923 prisoners without a single guard, warder, or Sister of Mercy. The reason of this extraordinary state of things was that the prisoners objected to a certain official, and promptly turned every one but themselves out of prison. The building was provisioned for some months, and they barricaded the entrances, taking all the paving stones of the courts and yards to the upper stories to use, like the heroic women of Old World warfare, for offensive missiles. For five days they were hotly besieged by the local authorities, but with no success, and the military had to be called in.

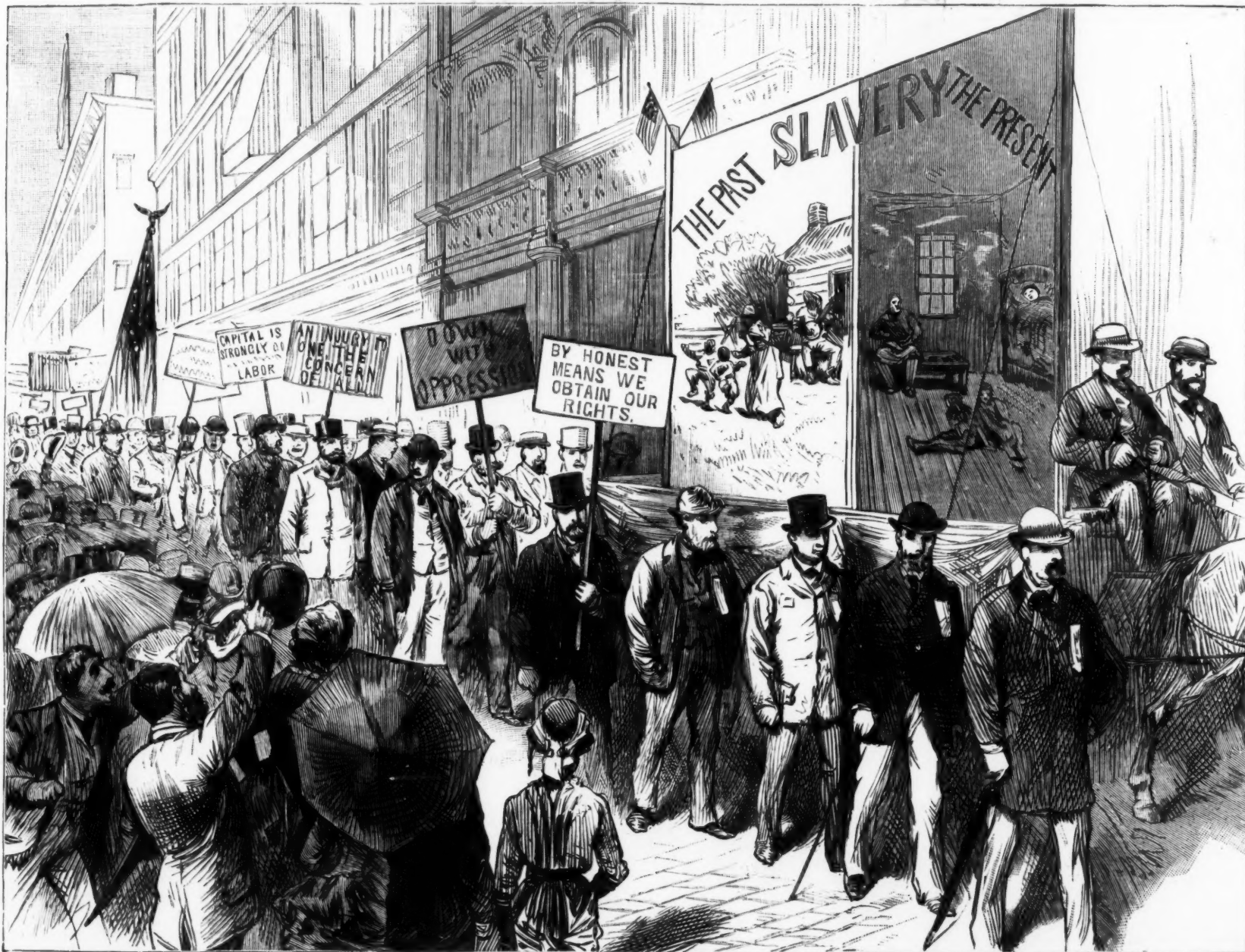
THE New York Casino has been, during the past Summer, a greater success than ever. It is the nearest approach our metropolis has yet made to the Paris *café chantant*, upon which, indeed, it is in some respects an improvement. The Moorish roof-garden, with its colored lights and waving tropical foliage, has been thronged all the season through. Below, in one of the most beautiful auditoriums in the world, Lecocq's melodious comic opera, "The Little Duke," presented by an excellent company of singers, and with an elaborate stage-setting, is still the current attraction. The orchestral concert on the roof after the opera rounds off a charming and unique evening's entertainment. The fine patronage which the Casino steadily attracts ought to furnish a hint to enterprising managers elsewhere.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY appears to be in a prosperous condition. President White reports that the whole number of instructors in the university is 54; whole number of students during the last year, 461, an increase of 77 in two years. Of these 414 are men and 47 women. There are 15 courses of study, those in the arts and sciences being most patronized. There were 176 State students instructed free of tuition during the year. The university library contains, including pamphlets, 65,500 volumes, and is constantly being enlarged. The productive endowment of the university is \$3,700,000; the value of the university property, excluding the Fiske estate, now in the courts, to Western lands is \$4,900,000; total value of university property, \$7,300,000; total income during the year, \$217,700; surplus, about \$5,000.

COLONEL GILLISPIE, of the United States Engineers, says that the talk about a hostile fleet being able to lie off Coney Island and shell New York is absurd. If a fleet of men-of-war, mounting the heaviest guns, wanted to lie in an open roadstead on a dangerous coast, they might make things lively in the suburbs of Brooklyn, but as to doing any damage to New York city from such a distance, it is nonsense. A fleet would have to lie some distance off the shore on account of the shoals. There is just one place near the Coney Island shore where a ship could lie far enough in shore to bring her guns to bear with any effect on Brooklyn. Then she would be in *acul-de-sac*, with dangerous shoals all about and the breakers unpleasantly near. It is preposterous to suppose that a naval commander would place his ship in such a position; but if he did, a shot might possibly be fired so as to just reach the Navy Yard on Flushing Avenue. The Navy Yard could not be materially damaged, New York would be safe, and only parts of Brooklyn would be under fire.



CANADA.—THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, AT MONTREAL.—A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.
SEE PAGE 59.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT LABOR PARADE OF SEPTEMBER 1ST.—THE PROCESSION PASSING UP BROADWAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 59.



CANADA.—ALEX. MILTON ROSS, M.D., A.M., THE DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST.

species of Canadian flora. In 1875 Dr. Ross sold his magnificent collection of Canadian birds and moths to the Russian Government for a large sum. This collection was unique in its way, comprising a stuffed specimen of every known Canadian bird, and the entomological collection was equally good. Since then he has become a contributor to nearly every notable museum in Europe, and the learned societies of nearly every empire and kingdom in Europe have marked their appreciation of his scientific attainments by conferring upon him their highest honors. Dr. Ross's merits have also attracted the appreciative attention of royalty. His Majesty the King of Italy has conferred upon him the royal decoration of Chevalier of the Royal Crown of Italy; the King of Portugal has invested him with the Knight Commandership of the Illustrious Military Order of Conception; the King of Greece has made him Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Redeemer of the Kingdom of Greece; the King of Saxony has created him Knight of the Royal Order of Albert of the Kingdom of Saxony. From Russia and Denmark he has received Gold Medals of Merit, and from Austria and Egypt Diplomas of Honor. Dr. Ross, who is now nearly fifty-two years of age, has been a member of the British Association of Science for the last fourteen years, and of the French Association for the past ten years. He was an active and earnest abolitionist during the anti-slavery struggle in the United States, and during the Rebellion was an active officer of the Sanitary Commission.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

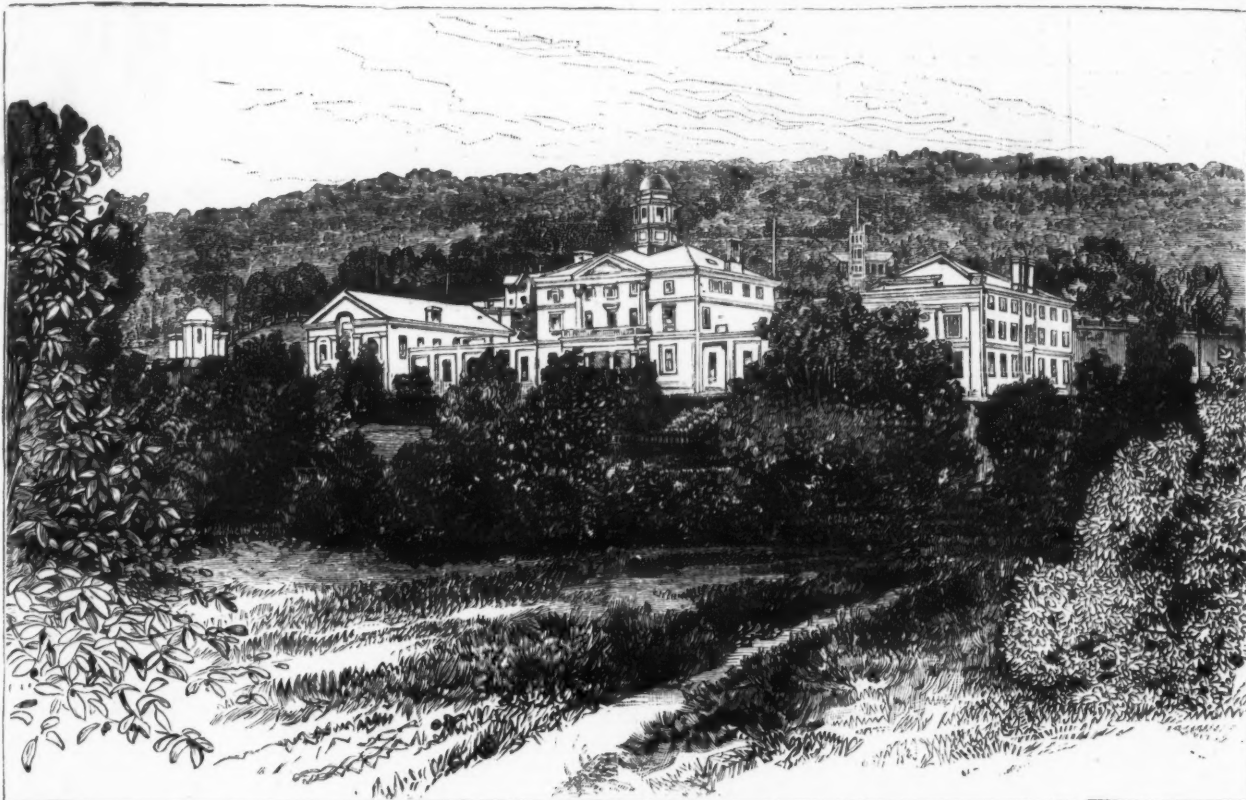
THE Fair of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, which opened at Philadelphia on September 8th, and will continue until the 20th, promises to be the most successful exhibition ever given by that Society. The fair grounds are nearly thirty acres in extent, located at North Broad Street and Lehigh Avenue, and the buildings are upon the most extensive scale. The exhibits are divided into four departments; one, embracing live stock; a second, farm and garden products and their manufactures; a third, tools and implements and machinery; and a fourth, home



PENNSYLVANIA.—J. A. PAXSON, PRESIDENT OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. PHOTO. BY GUTKUNST.

DR. ALEXANDER M. ROSS.

DR. ALEXANDER M. ROSS, of Montreal, whose portrait is given on this page, ranks deservedly among the foremost scientists of the American continent. His whole life has been devoted to scientific pursuits. He has given especial attention to the ornithology, ichthyology, botany and entomology of Canada, twenty-five years of his life having been spent in collecting and classifying Canadian flora and fauna. During the past fifteen years he has collected over four hundred and fifty species of North American birds that regularly or occasionally visit the Canadian provinces; two hundred and forty species of eggs of Canadian birds; three thousand four hundred species of insects belonging to the orders of Lepidoptera, Coleoptera and Neuroptera; two hundred and forty-eight species of Canadian mammals, reptiles and fresh-water fish, and eighteen hundred



CANADA.—M'GILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL, WHERE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION HELD ITS MEETINGS, WITH MOUNT ROYAL IN THE BACKGROUND.—SEE PAGE 59.

industrial exhibition, in which all departments are represented, including manufactures, machinery, farm implements, apparatus and produce, and live stock.

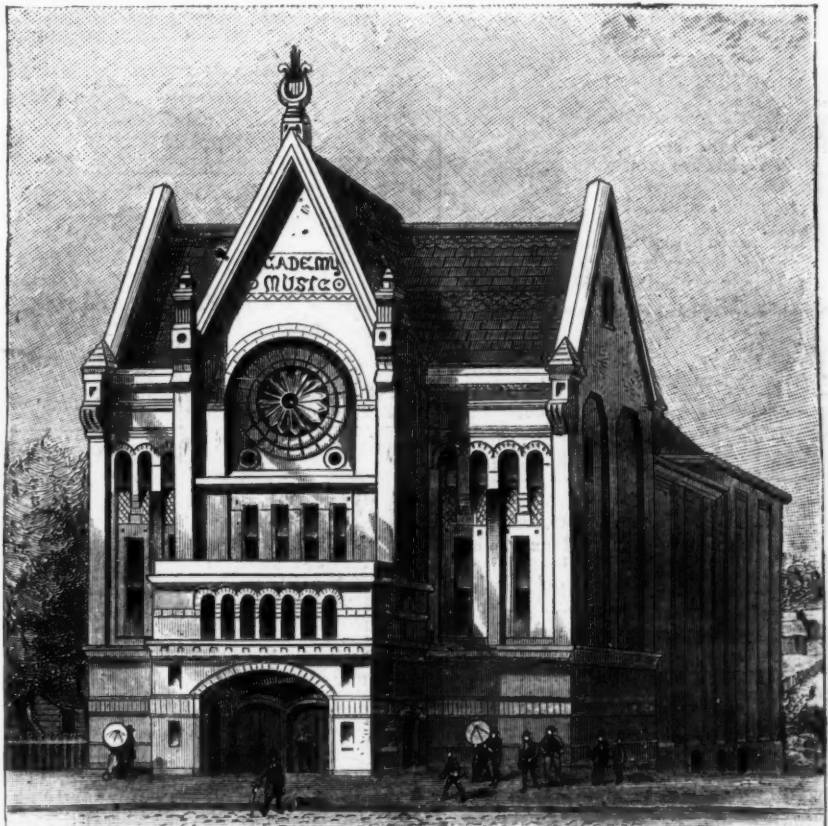
The President of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, under whose auspices the fair is held, is Dr. J. A. Paxson, whose portrait is given on this page. Dr. Paxson is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born December, 1842, of Quaker parentage. He graduated from college in 1869. In 1879 he became President of the Permanent International Exhibition, displaying marked ability in the management of that important enterprise. He has been for some time Vice-president at large of the State Agricultural Society, and it is largely due to his influence and exertions that permanent grounds and buildings were secured in Philadelphia for its present and future exhibitions. Undoubtedly he is "the right man in the right place."



NEW YORK.—THE LATE CHARLES J. FOLGER, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—SEE PAGE 59.

and social improvements. The list of premiums amounts to over \$41,000. Among special exhibits is that of the Philadelphia Bee-keeper's Association, which maintains on a lot fifty feet square a bee-yard, an operating-room, and an exhibition-room, in which the different kinds of honey are shown, together with the various articles that are made from wax. There are 525 benches for dogs, all of which the Philadelphia Kennel Club will endeavor to fill with the choicest breeds.

General A. J. Pleasanton has been allowed a space 20 by 100 feet to demonstrate his "blue-glass theory" for the curing of diseases and developing of different species of animals. The fair, owing to the co-operation of other societies, possesses in an exceptional degree the features of a grand



GEORGIA.—THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN THE CITY OF MACON. SEE PAGE 59.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

AS A REFRIGERANT DRINK IN FEVERS.

DR. C. H. S. DAVIS, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

How to CATCH FISH.—"Boy, how much do you want for that string of fish?" asked an amateur fisherman, on his way home from a day's sport. The boy named his price. "All right; there's your money. Now just throw the fish," and he dexterously caught them. "Talk about catching fish!" he said, as he pursued his way.

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In sending for a new supply of Compound Oxygen, a gentleman at Walnut, Iowa, says: "I cannot get along without it, as it is doing such a grand work for me. You would not believe me to be the same miserable man I was a year ago to see me now, I am gaining so fast in flesh. I weigh more now than I ever did in my life before, but I still have pains through my lungs when I do any work; but other ways I am feeling as well as ever I did."

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CLEARs out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

PROFESSOR R. C. WORD, M.D., LL.D., Dean of the University of Georgia (editorial in Southern Medical Record), says: "In view of the favorable effects of the Coca in counteracting the opium habit, the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is admirably adapted for the relief of this unfortunate habit."

HEART PAINS.

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BURNETT'S COCAINE

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How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.

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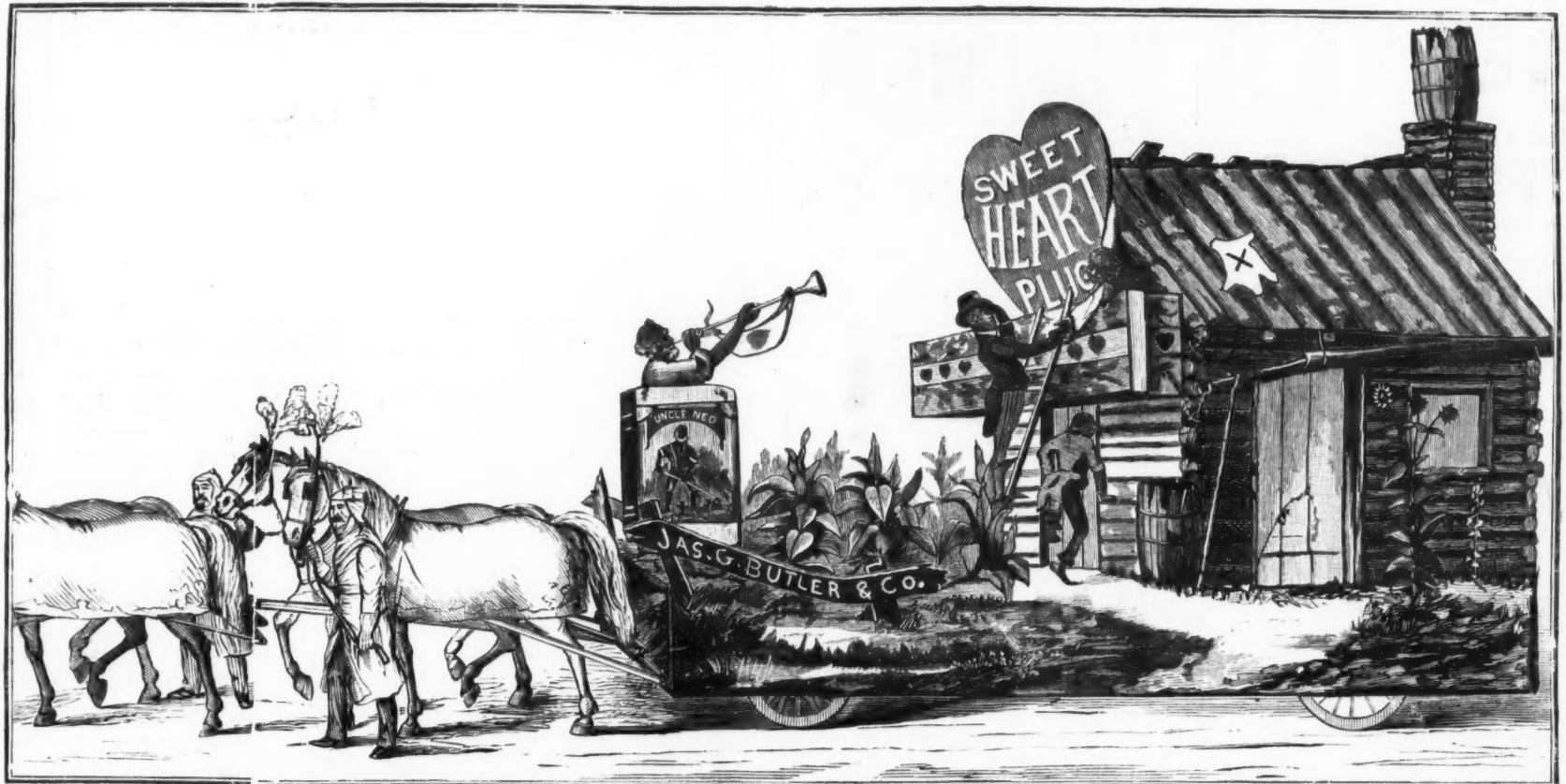


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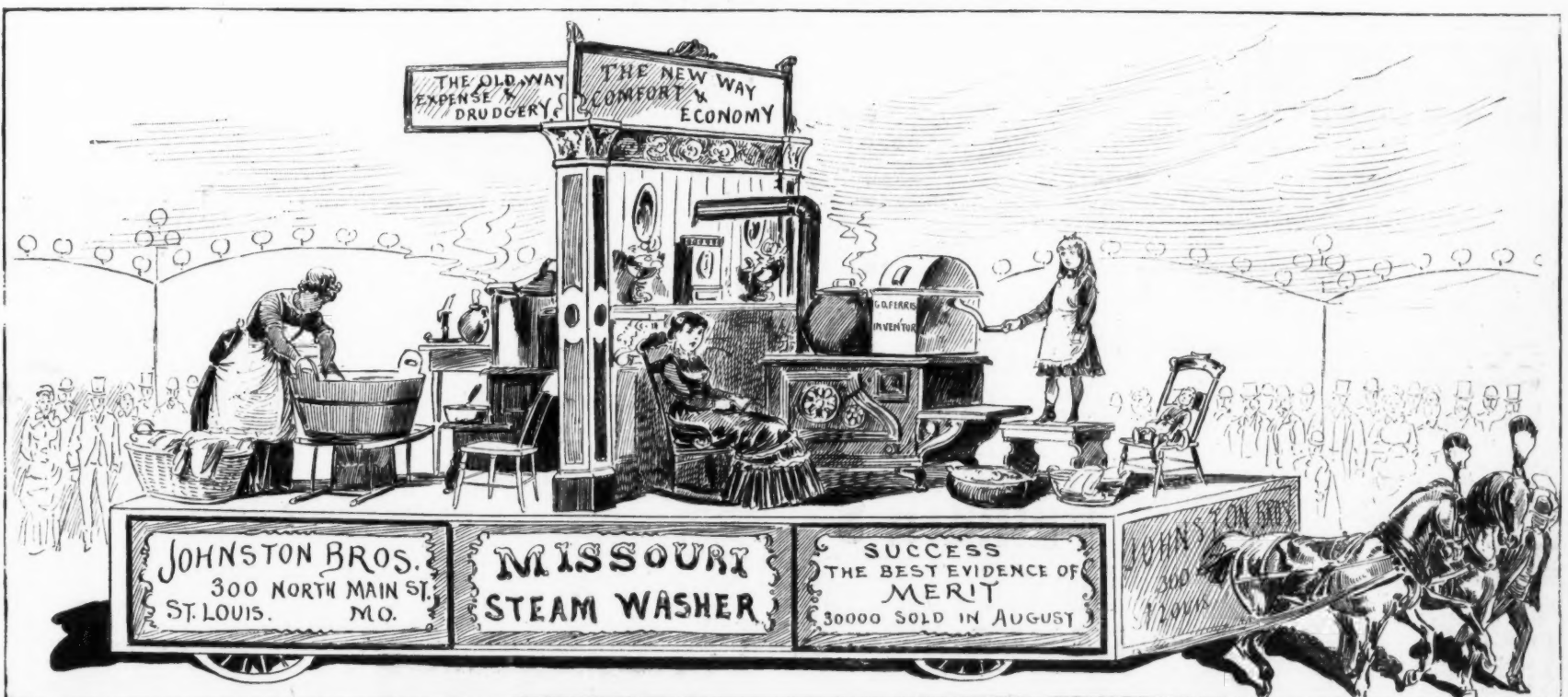
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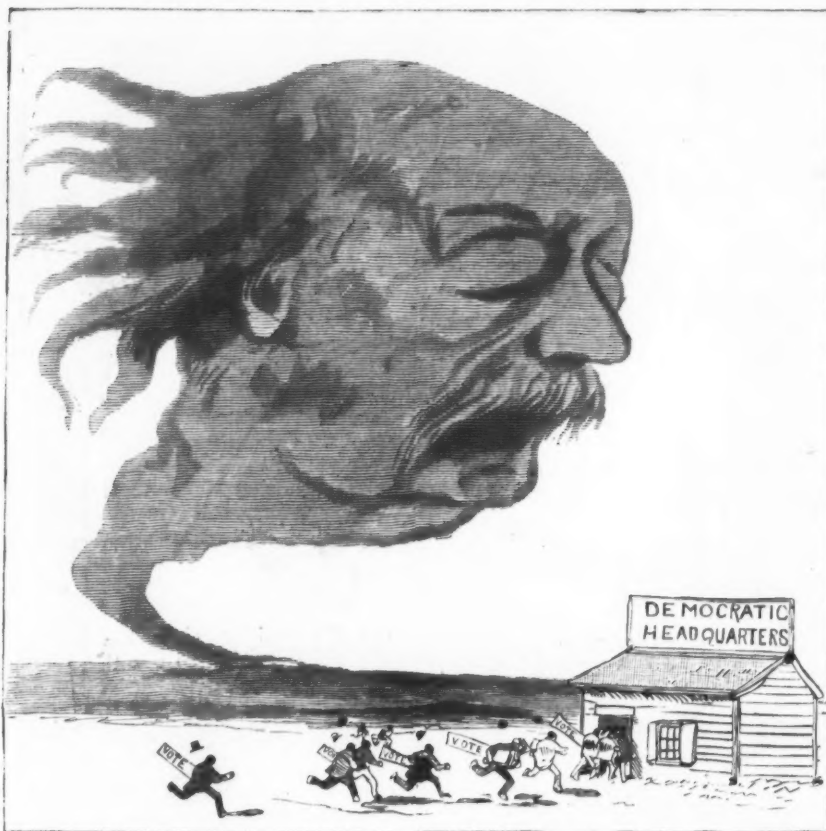


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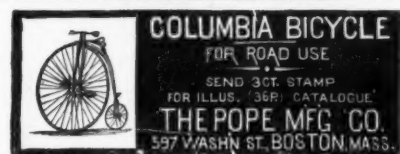
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